THE BYSTANDER
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MARCH 2, 1932
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The Hon. PATRICK BALFOUR on THE YOUNG MAN OF 193-

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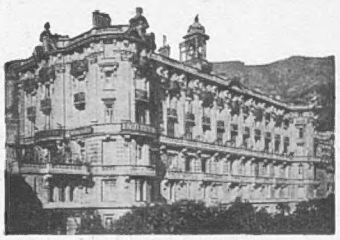

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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The Bystander, March 2, 1932

the BYSTANDER

No. 1472. Vol. CXIII

Paul Tanqueray

LADY GEORGIANA CURZON

The only daughter of Earl and Countess Howe and one of the most charming girls in Society. Her beauty is eclipsed only by that of her mother, who is generally acknowledged to be the loveliest woman in England. Lady Georgiana is devoted to her brother, Viscount Curzon, who went up to Christ's College, Cambridge, from Eton, and is two years her senior

CAMERA "KILLS" IN THE HUNTING FIELD

On the hard high road. Lord Allerton, the Princess Royal, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles, and Colonel G. R. Lane-Fox out with the Bramham Moor, riding down the Great North Road after hounds had moved off from a meet of that famous Yorkshire hunt at Bramham Moor Cross Roads

Left: The field seen on the village green at Whissendine, near Oakham, at a recent meet of the Cottesmore, which hunts country in Leicestershire and Rutland. Mr. C. Hilton-Green, the Master, took over the office last year, the previous Master being Mr. W. J. Baird

Left: Lady Anne Bridgeman, who hunts with the Quorn, seen at the meet at Walton-le-Wolds. She is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford

The Duke of Gloucester, who, like his brothers, is a keen rider to hounds, has been hunting regularly of late. The above photograph was taken at the recent meet of the Quorn at Walton-le-Wolds, near Loughborough

the passing hour

THE unluckiest girl last week was undoubtedly Miss Georgina Wakefield-Saunders, whose mother gave a dance for her at 2, Hyde Park Gardens on Tuesday. The date had been chosen weeks before. There was the Embassy band, with Miss Rose Bingham, whom someone has described as looking like a "delightful chaffinch," dancing with her namesake, John, Lord Lucan's son, and Mr. David Rhys, who is winning his spurs so fast as the crack receptionist of

Lenare

Lord Hindlip and his bride, Miss Bridget Nickols, photographed after their wedding, which took place very quietly at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, last week. The bride, who is the daughter of the late Mr. Harold Nickols and of Mrs. Nickols, was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Jenny Simson, her half-sister, and Lady Bridget Poulett

Lady Pearson (Miss Gladys Cooper) arriving at the "Age of Walnut" Exhibition at Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane. The Prince of Wales performed the opening ceremony

Mayfair, and all the makings of an excellent dance.

HER bad luck was due to the fact that Lady Cunard decided also to give a dance that evening, and when the Prince of Wales and Prince George both said that they would come and dance with the débutantes, Miss Wakefield-Saunders's dance was naturally overshadowed. Several American hostesses gave large dinner parties before this dance, including Mrs. Corey, whose

Two more visitors seen on their arrival at the "Age of Walnut" Exhibition in aid of the Royal Northern Group of Hospitals. They are the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps (left) and Mrs. Rothschild

fifty guests sat down at five different red-carnation-clad tables at the Dorchester.

AMONG them were Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, who chose white satin and long white gloves, and an escort in the shape of her brother, Lord Maidstone; and Lady Anne Wellesley, in Eton blue dotted with small red roses; and Lady Pamela Smith, in white; and Miss Diana Chamberlain, who looks like a tall German blonde, and wore yellow velvet; and Lady Georgiana Curzon, in a flowered dress which she positively made herself—every stitch of it.

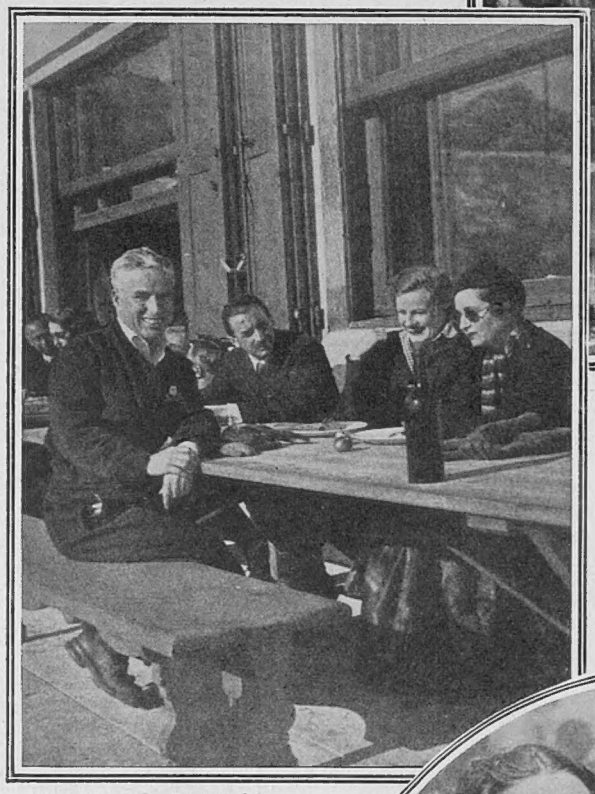
AT the dance in the famous mirrored ballroom in Grosvenor Square the central chandelier lights were turned off, and only the side lights illuminated the gay assembly. Prince George danced the whole time—most frequently with Lady Pamela Smith and Lady Caroline Paget—and stayed until 5.30 a.m. The Prince of Wales, all smiles, did not leave before 2.30 a.m., and was to be seen dancing alternately with

YOUTH VERY MUCH TO THE FORE

Miss Penelope Dudley Ward and her mother.

SUPPER was served in two adjoining rooms. In one there were five tables, and in the other one long green table. The only person to be seen wearing a tiara was Mrs. Bryan Guinness. The Duchess of Westminster was in white, like so many of the débutantes. Lady Oxford and Asquith wore a grey dress that matched her hair. Lady Caroline Paget, who is one of the prettiest brunettes in the country, was in black, and Lady Erne danced with her husband.

G. I. Churchill, who the week before had won the School steeplechase, winning the Eton Mile in 5 mins. 0⅘ sec. For the first time, the race was run on the new three-lap grass track on Kennels' Field



Charlie Chaplin, who has been spending a holiday in Switzerland where he has been learning to ski, seen at the Corveglia Club above St. Moritz. On the far side of the table are M. Yturbe, a member of the well-known French family which owns a lot of property near Biarritz, Miss Bunting Stephenson and Mrs. Owen

DÉBUTANTES and sub-débutantes have been very much in evidence during the past few days. It makes one wonder whether the success of the Bal Masqué which was organised entirely by them will not lead to some society like the Junior League in New York. Now that so many young men have to work for a living, it might be a very good idea.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Leigh enjoying a winter far from the snow and cold of England. They are seen sunbathing on Palm Beach, Florida's famous winter resort

UNTIL this year there was no such thing as an official sub-débutante. It is a phrase borrowed from New York and made necessary by the charming precocity of girls like Lady Pamela Smith and Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, for whom Lady Cunard really gave her dance. Previously, if a girl was not "out," she was still in the schoolroom, or at least in a finishing school. I wonder what has happened to all those Paris institutions? Now that you can be an official sub-déb. they must be rather feeling the draught. For who wants to live in Paris now and learn French and sewing if you can have a good time in London?

SEVERAL of the débutantes and sub-débutantes were at Mrs. Cunninghame's tea party before Lady Cunard's dance. Miss Anita Leslie was there—she is Seymour Leslie's niece—and so were Miss Betsan Horlick and Miss Alison Campbell, and Miss Pamela Nicholl and Miss Ann Savill among the sub-débutantes.

FAR from the madding crowd, however, was Lady Patricia Moore. She and a girl friend have gone off on the latest kind of holiday—a trip to Gibraltar in a cargo boat. It only costs seven guineas, and there are not more than five passengers apart from the

AT THE EPSTEIN EXHIBITION

crew. The ship is speckless—being used for freights of fruit and other clean cargo. Her mother, Kathleen Countess of Drogheda, was telling me all about it at the private view of the Epstein Biblical paintings at the Redfern Galleries.

S

SHE herself had just been lunching with Mr. J. A. Mollison, who made the record Australian flight and who hopes to break the record to the Cape as well now that his police court case has been settled. He thinks he can do it in four days, and actually there seems no reason why he should not.

S

I DID not see Lord Alington at the Redfern Galleries. It would, I am sure, have appealed to his sense of humour to have heard some of the crashing remarks made by the guests, who tried alternately to be appreciative or critical. Poor Mrs. Epstein sat in a large chair in the main gallery and looked rather hurt at it all, even though the paintings were selling like hot cakes at twenty guineas a time—one of the best possible investments for the art collector, I am told, as most of the pictures have already doubled in price.

Mrs. Michael Hornby and her sister, the Countess of Munster, waiting for their mounts at a recent meet of the Cottesmore. It was held at The Kennels, Ashwell, near Oakham

Lord Grenfell and Miss Wingfield braving the cold wind, which was all too conspicuous by its presence, at the New College and Magdalen Point-to-Point. The meeting was held at Showell Farm, Little Tew, near Chipping Norton

A change of mounts! The Hon. Mrs. Lancelot Lowther seen upon her little son Timothy's pony before hounds moved off from the meet of the Cottesmore at The Kennels, Ashwell

AMONG the "sight" seers, which, I think, is the exact phrase, was Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell in her new wind-blown coiffure. She and her husband are living with Lord Berners, who is always supposed to have a Rolls-Royce with a piano in it, though I have never seen it or even a photograph thereof. Her sister, Lady Lindsay-Hogg, is in extraordinarily good looks these days.

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THREE other pretty girls who are still away, like Lady Patricia Moore, are Lady Joan Villiers, Miss Margaret Whigham, and Miss Eileen Brougham. They are all in Cairo, and Miss Whigham and Lord Warwick are the joint cynosure of every eye. All three girls seem to be having a marvellous time in Egypt, and will not be back for some little while.

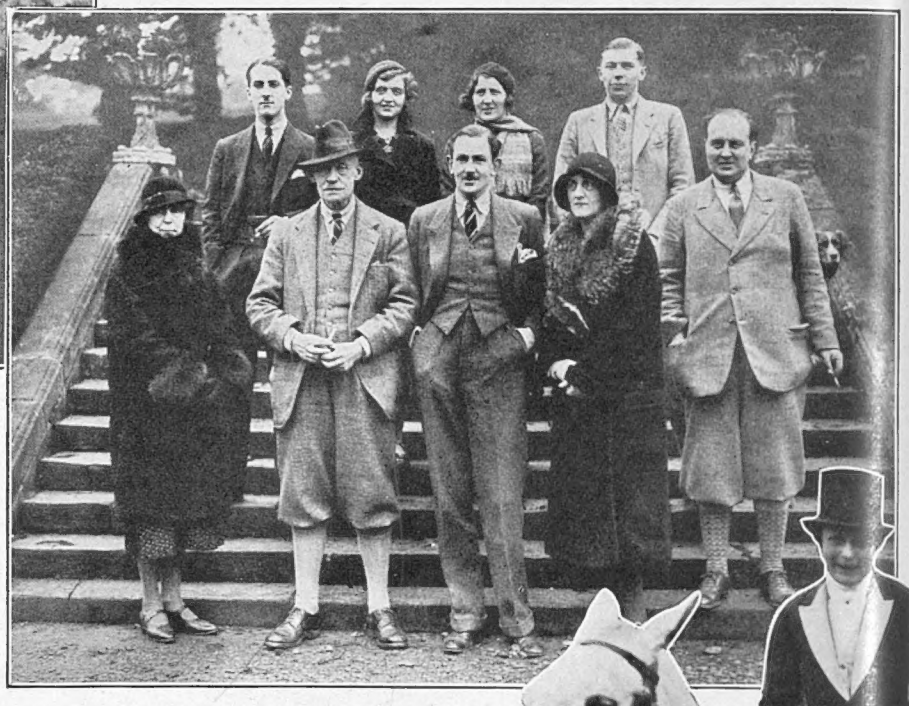
S

IN a few days the dance clubs and restaurants must expect an onslaught of at least eighteen hundred very sunburnt people who are now on their way back from the West Indies. Six separate ships, each with about three hundred people on board, have

ENTER THE DRESS DESIGNERS

Mr. William Dent, late of the Grenadier Guards, and Baroness Furnivall leaving Prince's Row Register Office after their wedding last week. The bride, who is the daughter of the fourteenth Baron Petre, is a Peeress in her own right

Right: A photograph taken at Clifton Hall, Nottingham, during the coming-of-age celebrations of Mr. Peter Clifton, Grenadier Guards, the son of Lieut.-Colonel Percy Clifton. The group includes, front row, the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton, Colonel Clifton, Mr. Clifton, Mrs. Clifton, and Mr. Norman Hayes. Back row: Miss Beryl Bruce, Miss Ivy Leith, and Mr Jack Hamilton



been cruising in those romantic seas —and having gorgeously hot weather.

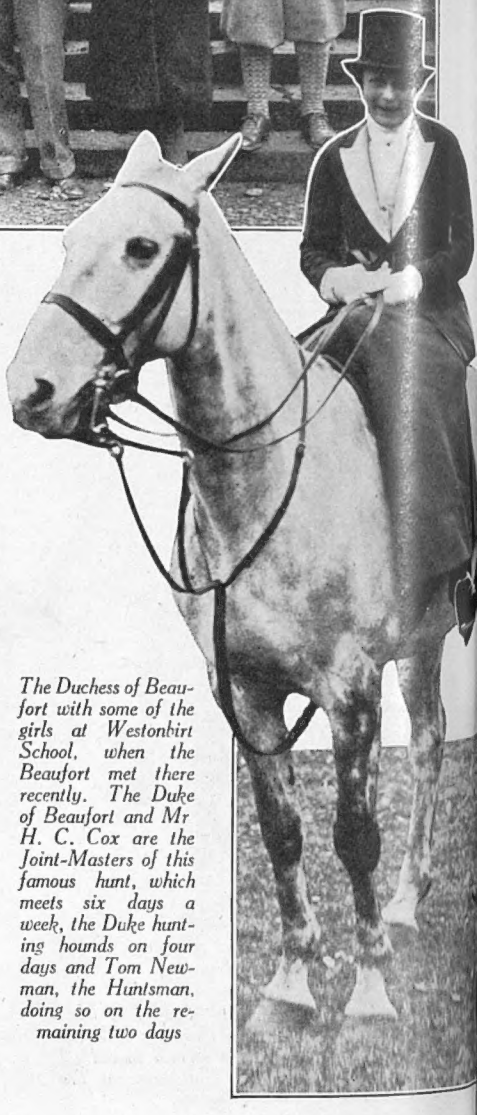
THE weather has been almost too gorgeous, indeed, for, in a letter from Mrs. Robert Henry, who is on the Arandora Star, I see that half the passengers have been compelled to put a cooling lotion on their backs—lucky people to need it. The Arandora Star, which has Lord and Lady Burnham, Lady Somerleyton, Sir Edmund Vestey, and other well-knowns on board, will be back next week.

ONE of the most interesting signs of this Lenten Season is the arrival in London of one famous Paris dress designer after another. Madame Chanel is at the Ritz. Madame Schiaparelli is in Lady Cottenham's house in South Street. Monsieur Jacques Worth (whose London collection was on Thursday) is at the Dorchester, which is also patronised by Captain Molyneux.

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX, who is going to open in Grosvenor Street very soon, is greatly disappointed that the Ministry of Labour would not allow him to bring any of his twenty-eight exotic Paris mannequins. So he has to content himself with eight stately English model girls.

THE romantic accounts of Prince Lennart and his morganatic fiancée has aroused so much interest that the entrance to his hotel looks like a permanent first night—with a small crowd of hangers-on waiting to see them emerge. So far they have done little but visit Whitechapel, get photographed on the roof, dance in their hotel, and go to theatres, where, so far, they have succeeded in being unrecognised.

Mrs. Epstein greeting friends at the Redfern Galleries, Old Bond Street, on the opening day of her husband's exhibition of his much-discussed water-colour paintings of Biblical subjects. The big crowds attracted to it proved that even if admiration was weak, curiosity was strong



The Duchess of Beaufort with some of the girls at Westonbirt School, when the Beaufort met there recently. The Duke of Beaufort and Mr H. C. Cox are the Joint-Masters of this famous hunt, which meets six days a week, the Duke hunting hounds on four days and Tom Newman, the Huntsman, doing so on the remaining two days

HELPING DESERVING CHARITIES

CIGOLINI at present is rapidly reaping the harvest of his industry. In the past few weeks he has sent out five thousand personal letters in Spanish, Italian, and French to former patrons, and such is London's lure that numbers are arriving every week.

THE old phrase, "Following the strawberries," might very well be altered to "Following the chinchillas." For where two or three chinchillas are gathered together you may be sure that things are gay. The other night, at the Embassy Club, Gloria Swanson arrived in one. Lady Furness followed, and the former Mrs. Naess, who since then became a Russian baroness and is now a French countess, made up the trio.

FOR the first time in the history of charity and the stage, the whole of the proceeds of an ordinary evening performance of an extraordinary theatrical success are going to be given to charity. How Mr. C. B. Cochran has managed to arrange it with the libraries, which have done such big deals, I do not know, but on March 23 all the takings from *Helen!* are going to be given to charity.

RACING HINTS *By "Old Orkney"*

FREEHOLDER *was with the leaders most of the three miles' journey at Derby, but failed to keep up the pace to the finish. Will win over two miles. Several good judges placed money at 10's and 8's.*

SWAN UPPING *was narrowly defeated in a long-distance hurdle race at Derby after putting up a very game performance. Carried substantial wagers which should be recovered.*

BALLYHANWOOD, *a rare plodder, is just the type to win the National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase at Cheltenham. One to wager on with confidence.*

BLUE PRINCE *has had more experience than most of his rivals in the National Hunt Juvenile 'chase at Cheltenham. Is a smart jumper.*

SANSTROME *was pulling double up to mile from home at Gatwick where he fell. Was wagered on to beat the smart Kingsford. Should not be missed.*

DIME *must be backed at Cheltenham. She is entered in the Stayers' Selling Hurdle. Put up a good fight when finishing second to Kippit Lore at Birmingham.*

The Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt, Chairman of the Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House in aid of St. Dunstan's and the Docklands Settlements. With her are Mr H. G. Watkins (left), leader of the British Arctic Air Route Expedition, and Mr. F. S. Spencer Chapman

Lenare

A recent photograph of Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, the beautiful wife of Major "Fruity" Metcalfe The youngest daughter of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, she is the sister of Baroness Ravensdale and Lady Cynthia Mosley

Bertram Park

Miss Yvonne Marling, the elder daughter of Sir Charles Marling, G.C.M.G., C.B., who has held many important posts in the Diplomatic Service, and the late Lady Marling She is very well known in musical circles

THE full cast will be present, and after the show there will be a dance on the stage and a buffet supper—Jack Payne's band providing the music. The tickets, which include the dance and supper, will run from five shillings in the upper circle to five guineas for the first few rows of the stalls, which seems, in the circumstances, to be remarkably cheap. After all, those midnight matinees, which do not begin until you are getting tired of the evening's round, can never compare with the "real thing."

OTHER charity affairs which are in the offing include the Economy Ball, which Lady Doris Gunston is running, and which will be distinguished by a "running breakfast" and a "running buffet"; and Madame Karsavina's matinee, at the

THE HISTORICAL DRAMA BALL

Savoy, when the new ballet, "The Infanta's Birthday," dressed by Rex Whistler, will be the main item on the programme.

S

To revert to the Swedish Royal engagement for a moment. At the time of going to press it appears that the wedding of Prince Lennart and Miss Karin Nissvandt, the daughter of a prominent Stockholm business man, will, after all, receive the blessing of King Gustav, who, it is reported, has now withdrawn his opposition to the marriage. As he is marrying a commoner, however, Prince Lennart will be obliged to relinquish his Royal rights and will become "Mr. Bernadotte."

The Earl of Dumfries, the eldest son and heir of the Marquess of Bute, and his fiancée, Lady Eileen Forbes (centre), seen at the Baldoyle races with the Rt. Hon. Thomas Laidlaw (left) and Capt. G. A. Boyd-Rochfort, V.C. Lady Eileen is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Granard

Lady Dalrymple-Champneys as she appeared as Helen of Troy in the Greek section of the Pageant which started the Historical Drama Ball at Grosvenor House last week. It was in aid of the People's League of Health

THE happy ending of the opposition of Prince Lennart's Royal grandfather is said to be due to the good offices of his father, Prince Wilhelm. The King of Sweden, who is taking his annual lawn-tennis holiday at Nice, was visited recently by his son, Prince Wilhelm, who is now living at Eze, and after a lengthy discussion on the pros and cons of the case the King agreed to withdraw his opposition and give the young couple his blessing. After their wedding it is said that they will visit King Gustav at Nice.

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THE Historical Drama Ball, which took place at Grosvenor House last Thursday, given in aid of the People's League of Health, struck a new note in connection with charity balls. The main fault lay in striking the new note for such a length of time.

S

SCHEDULED to start at the early hour of nine p.m., with the Marchioness of Linlithgow as the Spirit of the Drama reciting a poem, specially written for the occasion by Alfred Noyes, there followed somewhat highbrow scenes from the dramas of ancient Greece, India, China and Japan, not to mention a Nativity drama and excerpts from our very own William Shakespeare. The parts in these productions were taken by various notabilities and the costumes were very effective.

S

BUT the entertainment would have been infinitely more enjoyable had it been shorter. Amongst the large company present there were many who wished to dance, which is not an unreasonable desire at a ball; and I think that organisers should realise this fact and, in future

Miss Gwen Sterry, one of our leading young lawn tennis players, seen with her fiancé, Mr. W. E. Simmers, the Scottish Rugger International. Their wedding will take place in Edinburgh on July 16

AT THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY 'CHASES

A Horse Laugh! Mr. K. L. Urquhart and his mount at the Cambridge University Steeplechases at Cottenham Their cheerfulness is due to the fact that Mr. Urquhart had just ridden his third successive winner!

venor House earlier in the evening.

OUR young lawn tennis players now in the West Indies appear to have had matters very much their own way, anyhow as far as the men were concerned, in the recent Bermuda Championships at Hamilton. Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall was, it is true, somewhat unexpectedly beaten in two straight sets in the semi-final of the ladies' singles by the young American, Miss Sarah Palfrey, who was seen at Wimbledon last year, but all four of the men's singles semi-finalists were members of the visiting team, the final providing an interesting match between Frank Perry and H. G. N. Lee.

ANOTHER young English player who has been distinguishing herself on the courts lately is Miss S. K. Hewitt, the seventeen-year-old British Junior Singles Champion, who evidently finds the Riviera courts very much to her liking. Her recent performance at Monte Carlo of beating the Swiss champion, Mlle. Payot, in two straight sets, 6—4, 6—4, was a remarkably good performance and one that gives us every reason to hope that, as her years and experience increase, she may provide England with the winner of the Championships at Wimbledon. English lawn tennis seems to be on the up-grade at last.

Miss Bridget Irving Bridgman, the second daughter of the late Mr. E. J. Bridgman and of Mrs. Bridgman, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. William Young Craig. Her fiancé is a keen motorist and is well-known on the Brooklands track

Mr. J. Blunt and his fiancée, Miss Harrison-Broadley find a place on the rails at the Cambridge University Steeplechases

functions of this sort, see to it that the feast for the eye should be restricted in order that exercise for the feet should be given more chance.

OWING to engagements out of London the Prince of Wales, under whose patronage this Historical Drama Ball was given, was unable to attend, but Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught were present as the guests of the Dowager Lady Glentanar, who gave a large dinner party at Gros-

Four more "among-those presents" at Cottenham to watch the Cambridge University 'Chases. In the left-hand photograph are seen the Misses Ruby and Joan Nevill, and on the right are Viscount Elveden and Miss Marjoribanks

Hors d'Oeuvres

by "CAVIARE"

Hay Wrightson

Princess Jean Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge, who has been enjoying the winter sports at St. Moritz. The daughter of the Baroness d'Erlanger, she has made her home in Paris since her marriage, but is a frequent visitor to London

WHY is a certain titled and beautiful debutante very bitter against a former girl-friend? Can it have anything to do with a short, dark man?

* * *

SIR "JOCK" BUCHANAN-JARDINE'S collars get higher as his beard gets longer. I watched him the other evening and noticed that now he can't turn his head sideways, but has to move the whole of his body. Are we to have masculine tight-lacing of the neck?

* * *

LADY CHALMERS is such a sweet person and very attractive to meet. At the moment she is interested in an unusual enterprise. Miss Vera Beringer is doing "The Confidences of a Red-haired Woman." Confidence I is "Men and Women," but I am booking a seat for Confidence II, which is "Love."

* * *

THINGS I have marvelled at lately are Mrs. Ronald Balfour's brown pyjamas; Lady Ashley's how-do-you-do smile; Miss Billie Scofield's dancing; the latest Mayfair stories; and the noise certain young marrieds make at cabarets.

* * *

THINGS I have liked lately are Miss Sheila Seely's engaged happiness; Mrs. Philip Astley's charming "Madeleine Carroll" smile; Lady Churchill's baby; Lady Edward Hay's new straw hat with gardenias; and seeing Mrs. Marshall Feild's beauty again.

* * *

I WONDER that a certain bride bothered to pose so lovingly with her bridegroom after her very frank why-I-am-marrying conversation to all and sundry.

* * *

I GIVE full marks to the following married couples for looking animated and talking when they are alone together or dancing with each other: Lady Veronica Hornby and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Drury-Lowe, and Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux.

Lenare

Lady Bridget Poulett in the bridesmaid's dress she wore at the wedding of Lord Hindlip and Miss Bridget Nickols last week. She is the only sister of Earl Poulett

MY prize this week is for Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell, who is intelligent, smart, and has many more ideas than the average debutante —see Bal Masqué committees!

* * *

THE Café de Paris is to serve luncheons from Thursday next! My favourite sofa is already booked, and if Mr. Nelson Keys isn't in his favourite seat I shall lose my bet.

* * *

MISS BUNTING STEPHENSON tells me that St. Moritz is such fun, and that Mrs. Woolley-Hart gave the "best ever" parties. Lady Milbanke looks radiant. Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge—who, of course, is Baba to us all—is very chic and exotic, and Rosie Dolly is as glittering as usual.

* * *

EVERYONE is windswept, but some look so greasy, with streaks lank and limp against their cheeks. I like Mrs. David Tennant's head, and Lady Sibell Lygon's suits her admirably. I don't like Mrs. Cripps with the new style—she has not the air for it. One must be slightly piquante, or have a sort of careless freedom. Mrs. Cripps looks a little too severe and unsmiling for such a gamin mode.

* * *

I LOVE the Beaton sisters. They always seem happy and animated. I recommend them to depressed stockbrokers as a tonic. I think that Baba is the prettier, but that Nancy has the sweeter character; she is so completely charming to everyone.

* * *

MISS SYLVIA DE OLIVEIRA, whose father is the Brazilian Minister over here, has had a great success in London. Her very dark beauty has been much admired. Another charming girl connected with diplomatic circles is Miss Yvonne Marling, who is here, there, and everywhere.

* * *

MISS KARIN NISSVANDT and her fiancé, Prince Lennart, have been sampling London's dance clubs and restaurants. The bride-to-be dresses very simply, and does not wear nearly such low-cut evening dresses as even our sub-debs affect She has a sweet smile and a nice, unaffected manner.

* * *

IT is amusing to watch the dancers continually preening themselves in the looking-glasses at the Embassy. The men are just as bad as the women in this respect, but one much talked-of debutante, at present abroad, takes first prize for this.

* * *

TALKING of debutantes, Miss Sheila Berry wears her hair brushed from her forehead and ears like Lady Eleanor Smith. She looks, and is, intelligent. Miss Avril Streatfeild adopts rather the same style. She is so pretty, and I hope she will not get spoilt by publicity like one of her friends.

* * *

LORD North is a tall young peer who is seldom seen in London these days. His wife is charming and pretty, and they both love the country. Their home, Stone Hall, in Sussex, is a delightful old house, and their small daughter, Barbara, is another attraction to keep them there.

"Taxi, Sir?" BY STARR WOOD

VARSITY ON LAND

Oxford University visited Stoke Poges recently and defeated a strong club side by 9½ points to 8½. Above are seen A. S. Bradshaw and G. Illingworth, both old university players, of Stoke Poges, on their way to the first green with R. Sweeny and C. Sweeny, who won by 7 and 6

Two more Oxford golfers in action against Stoke Poges. On the left is J. R. Keen, the Oxford captain, and on the right is E. H. Moss. They both won their singles

Cars lined up in the paddock before the start of the Inter-Varsity Speed Trials, recently held at The Manor House, Hexton, near Hitchin. This is a comparatively new fixture, but one which is extremely popular with the "machine-minded" undergraduates of to-day

The Oxford crew out at Henley, where they have been for some stage of their training before the Boat Race, which will be rowed with old Cambridge Blue, Colonel G[illespie]

ACTIVITIES AND WATER

Major D. St. George Daly, M.F.H., Mrs. Daly, and Mr. P. L. Kindersley. They are seen at the New College and Magdalen Point-to-Point, held at Little Tew, near Chipping Norton, recently

Cold weather made warm wraps very much of a necessity at the recent New College and Magdalen Point-to-Point, as the above photograph proves. The quartette seen are Miss Betty Maxwell, the Master of Lovat, Lord Lovat, and Miss Marjorie Easton

B. R. Houghton, the Oxford captain, and R. J. Stewart, the Cambridge captain, go through their paces to oblige the photographers at the Inter-Varsity contest at the London Fencing Club. Cambridge won by 10 events to 3

some steady hard work before going to Putney for the last ace as early as March 19 this year. Coached by the y show considerable promise

Mr. C. R. Baynes was faithful to an old friend when competing in the recent Inter-Varsity Speed Trials at Hexton. The somewhat fearsome-looking machine is a 1914 Vauxhall, which was full of life, despite the handicap of advancing years

The VAMP SCENE in "WHILE PARENTS SLEEP"

Stage Photo Co.

Above : Bubbles Thompson (Diana Beaumont) and Jerry Hammond (Jack Hawkins) surprise the latter's brother, Neville (Hugh Williams), and Lady Cattering (Frances Doble) in the throes of an affair in which the Platonic quality is conspicuous by its absence, in a scene from "While Parents Sleep," at the Royalty Theatre, and on the left is a close-up of Lady Cattering vamping the susceptible Neville with notable success. This entertaining comedy is written by Anthony Kimmins, who is an officer in the Royal Navy, and the breeziness of the dialogue, which contains many, many naughty words, proves somewhat strong meat or the more delicate constitutions of some landlubbers

if Gossip we must

LORD TRENCHARD had the reputation of being a strong, silent man when he was appointed to the important job of controlling those whose important job it is to control crime. He is rapidly achieving another reputation, and a less enviable one. As a super-policeman he is giving us a perfect and precise example of how not to set about it.

Some policemen are good enough fellows when they are directed properly, though the traditional "splendid-force-the-police" hymn of praise is just—well, traditional. What the London policeman has always, however, shown himself to be is a friend to the public, unlike the police in certain other countries, where they are the serious foes of good and bad citizens alike. That happy arrangement is becoming unstuck. And the cause of the unsticking is what is coming to be known as Trenchardism.

AFTER a tolerably, though not dazzlingly, successful career elsewhere, Lord Trenchard set out to "clean up London," as if London were a sort of gangster-and-graft-ridden Chicago instead of a well-behaved city held up not by gunmen, but by an even more potent pest known as "Dora."

I do not blame Lord Trenchard for not opposing "Dora," for that is not his business. But I do blame him for devoting so great a part of his activities to serving under "Dora's" banner. I do not expect him to combine leniency and discretion, for it takes a great man to do that. Nelson put the telescope to his blind eye; but Nelson was Nelson, and Trenchard is Trenchard, and between a mighty admiral and a modern Air Vice-Marshal a huge gulf is fixed.

But I do expect him to realise that night-club persecution is a petty business, and that to devote about three-quarters of the somewhat tarnished majesty of the law to running round the West End smelling tea-cups to see if they have contained whisky is not only undignified but dangerous.

Mannell

Enid Stamp-Taylor, who plays one of the leading parts in "Paulette," the new musical comedy produced at the Savoy yesterday, March 1. She gave a very fine performance in "Wonder Bar" at the same theatre some months ago

Mr. Francis X. Shields, the young American lawn-tennis star, who shone so brightly at Wimbledon last year, leaving Christ Church, Greenwich, Conn., with his bride, Miss Rebecca Williams Tenney. There is considerable doubt whether the American contingent will take part in the Championships this year

TRENCHARDISM means the sniffing out of piffling little "crimes" with all the unconscious humour of the medicine-man of African savages. Under this policy London's police are expected to secure as many convictions as possible on charges which in any other

A bathing suit might appear to be somewhat inadequate as a winter sports kit, but it obviously suits the hardy skier seen above, who is taking a tumble whilst out for a run at Beuil. This new resort is in the mountains behind Juan-les-Pins, where such costumes are the rule rather than the exception

Joan Craven

Margaretta Scott, who will be seen in "Dirty Work," the new farce at the Aldwych, is a descendant of Sir Walter Scott, and a remarkably clever young actress into the bargain. Although only nineteen, he has made quite a big name for herself by her acting

country in Europe would not be charges at all.

It is not wholly the fault of the police, who, if they cannot show a goodly crop of night-club raids, with a record of illegal happenings in the places thus raided, are, rumour says, quite likely to be unpopular!

In one recent case, which made pretty scandalous reading, the police however, smashed into a dance club with axes, ordered the band to stop, and behaved like roughs generally, even before there was time to gather any evidence as to whether the establishment was being properly conducted or not on that occasion. If these are the fruits of Trenchardism I hope his lordship is proud of them.

I HOPE also Lord Trenchard is equally proud of the record of his period of office in another and more important respect.

Not for many years, if ever, has London been marred by such a crop of smash-and-grab raids, purse-snatching, assaults, robberies, rapes, and murders. How can it be otherwise when London's police are forced to spend so much of their energy not in detecting or preventing real crime, but in badgering watched waiters, in taking names and addresses of perfectly respectable people, in nineteen cases out of twenty, in a perfectly respectable establishment, on the offchance of there being a jug of camouflaged champagne-cup hidden under the table?

Is it reasonable to expect a policeman who spends the small hours in night-clubs (often ordering, and consuming, drinks in order to secure a conviction—a contemptible and un-British trick) to be wide enough awake in the daytime to deal with dangerous criminals?

Ann Hogarth, like Margaretta Scott, has found a career in the theatre and is a descendant of a famous man connected with the Arts, in this case William Hogarth. She is the assistant stage manager at the Duke of York's Theatre

Perhaps Lord Trenchard considers the possibility of breaking "Dora" regulations the most serious matter of all. It would certainly seem so. In that case "Dora" must go—if only to enable Lord Trenchard to get on with his real work.

I WOULD like to commend and congratulate Mr. Arthur Penn, banker, of Wilton Crescent. Mr. Penn has succeeded in making the Commissioner of Police look singularly small. The Commissioner wrote him a letter to the effect that he had been reported for driving his motor car carelessly; that no steps would be taken this time, but should the offence occur again there would be, in effect, the deuce of a rumpus, etc. etc. Mr. Penn—that John Hampden of Wilton Crescent—denied the offence, declared he had a blameless record of twenty-five years as a driver, insisted on being summoned, *was* summoned—and won his case.

THE situation created in Ireland by the victory of Mr. De Valera is not, I think, so serious as some people are disposed to imagine. De Valera himself is a fanatic—and therefore an awkward person. But his majority is a small one, and the result, partly, of an appeal to the ignorant and bigoted, and partly of the inevitable swing of the pendulum. That victory was, indeed, expected. I was over in Ireland in the summer, and was told on all sides that De Valera would get in, but would not be able to do much harm. Besides, there is another factor to be considered. If silly tricks are tried the issue is bound to be a big one, and England will have to put a duty on goods coming to us from the Irish, who will thus find their local George Washington somewhat

Some of the mannequins who have been displaying fo[illegible] testimony to the wonderful ad[illegible]

expensive. There are plenty of sensible and friendly people in Ireland who see this, and even the unfriendly section would probably be unwilling to stand indefinitely for the antiquated "Hymn of Hate" business, particularly when it touches the pocket.

ONE CONSOLATION !

The sixty Epstein water-colour pictures of Biblical subjects which created such a storm when they were reproduced in the Press, later attracted large crowds to the Redfern Galleries, where an exhibition was opened last week.

WHEN Epstein gave us "Rima"
A critics' storm broke out.
When it was viewed they cried, "How crude!
It's ghastly, there's no doubt!"
And when "Night" followed after
They nearly had a fit.
In anger sore they loudly swore
"He cannot 'sculp' a bit."

When Epstein painted pictures
Of subjects Biblical,
A mighty throng cried "They're all wrong
And will not do at all!
Just think! He calls it Art to pain
Eve minus any face.
His paintings seem like some bad dream
In fact they're a disgrace!"

When Epstein showed his pictures,
The public flocked to gaze,
In fact, the show was all the go
For days and days and days.
So, though we say he cannot paint
And term his sculpture "raw,"
We must agree that Mr. E.
Can very surely "draw"!

B. W.

EPSTEIN is, of course, as clever as paint as a publicity hunter—a good deal cleverer than his own paint. I do not like assuming that anything is in anyone else's mind, but I am open to bet the whole of the King's Road, Chelsea, to an empty tube of sepia that he knows well enough that nothing could have been easier, even for a small and non-genius child, to execute than those Old Testament paintings, and that they would be sure to excite the attention they have excited. Personally, I am rather grateful to Epstein this time. He has overdone it. He has allowed rather too many people to spot the absurdity of the trick; at last a child here and there is saying, as the child said to the Emperor of China in the Hans Andersen fairy tale, "But the Emperor has not got any clothes!" And the adults are joining in the chorus. A pleasant result of this is that the half-imbecile but wholly conceited gang who call all who do not worship the grotesque and indecent in art dolts and Philistines will find themselves mightily discomfited.

"Is this the pleasant, sunny expression you want?"
"Yes, sir. That's just perfect"
"Then snap it quick It hurts!"

By Frank Ford

Stage Photo Co.

Eochaidh (W. Johnstone-Douglas) and Etain (Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies) plight their troth in a scene from Rutland Broughton's beautiful musical drama, "The Immortal Hour," at the Queen's Theatre. The popularity of this play is shown by the fact that the present production is its forth revival

the great British Industries Fair at the White City. They bear eloquent itish fashions have made in recent years

SIR ARTHUR PINERO'S recent article in *The Times* on "The Theatre in Transition," in addition to being full of interest to playgoers, hits the nail on the head with regard to the present situation. As he truly remarked, the theatre is now engaged in a struggle for existence with the films, and that what is of importance is the fact that the "pictures," for the moment at any rate, have captured the masses who formerly supported the theatre.

WHERE I join issue with Sir Arthur is in his suggestion for the recovery of these supporters. His

By Helen McKie

An impression by Helen McKie of that popular resort, Chez Quaglino, which continues to be very much in favour with those who like to dine, sup and dance under ideal conditions. In the top left corner is seen an impression of M. Quaglino, the presiding genius of the establishment, beneath whom are seen four well-known visitors, namely Miss Nancy Beaton, Lord Brougham, Lord Beaverbrook, and Lord Castlerosse.

hope lies in the foundation of a National Theatre which would brush the cobwebs from our classic dramatic literature, preserve what is excellent of our own day, encourage the writer and breed and train players equal to their responsibility.

IN theory this plan is excellent, but I would point out that in the past it required no National Theatre to breed and train players; that the majority of playgoers do not care two hoots about our classic dramatic literature, and that they will only be attracted to the theatre in any numbers when serious plays, comedies, and farces as good as those written by Sir Arthur Pinero are produced.

TALKING of the theatre and the films, it is always astonishing to me that, whereas any mis-statement of fact in stage dialogue is quickly pounced upon and commented upon freely, cinema audiences usually appear to be quite content to let the most glaring mistakes pass them without any sign that they have been noticed at all. Thus, when an actor playing the part of an ex-convict in a recent British film confided to the young hero that the latter's father had served a term of fourteen years' hard labour in Pentonville this astounding statement evoked not one titter. Perhaps a natural coyness debarred the audience from giving proof that they knew that two years is the maximum term for hard labour, and that long-term sentences are not served at the prison in question.

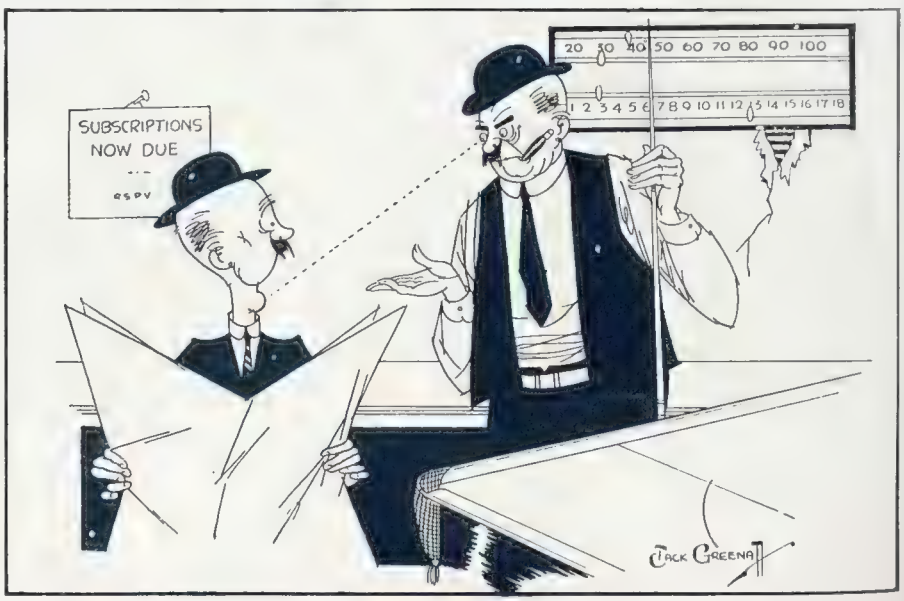
The King of Sweden snapped whilst competing in a tournament at the Parc Imperial at Nice. The presence in this country of his grandson, Prince Lennart, and his fiancée, whose marriage the King forbade, has kept the Swedish Royal House in the limelight

THE flow of Americans to London this summer is, I gather from native and expert observers, likely to be less than is generally anticipated, but more than it was last year, and that not only by reason of the exchange.

THE slump in the States is putting a check on the cheaper American tourists, who go to the Continent not so much because restrictions are fewer, but because, being composed largely of educationists, schoolmarms, mental-uplifters, and other worthy but rather penurious folk, they prefer to speak foreign languages rather than their own. Moreover, they are able to speak those languages, though with the accent of Oshkosh and Kansas City.

TO what extent, and when, will America get over her financial cramp? It is having a direct and immediate effect on Europe—by that I do not only mean the restaurants of Montmartre, most of which are in a semi-bankrupt condition, or closed altogether.

A pretty wide and extensive American opinion holds that the change for the better will not come until Hoover goes. Hoover is unpopular, not only because his period of office has coincided with almost unprecedented financial depression. "I guess that if Hoover is President for another term," an American put it wittily the other day, "Gandhi will be the best-dressed man in the world."



By Jack Greenall

"Come on, Fred, no messin' about. Gimme that ball!"

BY J. E. BROOME

MALTA EN FÊTE

Impressions of the annual Malta Carnival, which, says the artist, "was the usual type of hot-blooded affair and upset the whole island for a week, everybody going mad. It gets good support from the Army and Navy, and is attended by everyone from the Governor and Commander-in-Chief downwards. The Opera House is the scene of nightly dances which last well into the early hours and certainly lack nothing in cheeriness"

1. *Once upon a time a King (Edmond Breon) chucked away his crown for calf love . . . but a bold British financier (Frank Hervey) wished to restore him to the throne. Whereupon the King gave a great laugh, for he had had enough of this King stuff . . . and suggested that his daughter, the Princess (Gladys Cooper), might care to take on the job, with her brave non-canny Scot, David Maclean (Leon Quartermaine) to start the uprising—*

GRAVEYARD HUMOUR and PURITANIAN ROMANCE By Vernon Woodhouse

"So Far and No Father," at the Ambassadors

THE more often I see Marie Tempest the more I admire her consummate skill as an actress. In *So Far and No Father* she plays the part of Mary Melbourne, who is one, and to this actress her companion remarks, "It would be a poor sort of play you couldn't get away with." I agree. I believe Marie Tempest will even achieve success with this comedy by H. M. Harwood.

THE improbabilities in a very thin story are padded out with much extraneous matter. For instance, we are regaled with a song by Marie Tempest, whom it is a treat to hear, even though the song has no bearing whatever on the action; also, the curtain could finally fall without the interpolation of a music-hall duet, while a scene in the second Act, showing Mary Melbourne being coached in a new technique by a Russian producer, has as little bearing on the story as a speech at a meeting of the League of Nations has in preventing war.

SKETCHES AND CAPTIONS OF "KING, QUEEN, KNAVE," AT THE PLAYHOUSE, BY H. H. HARRIS

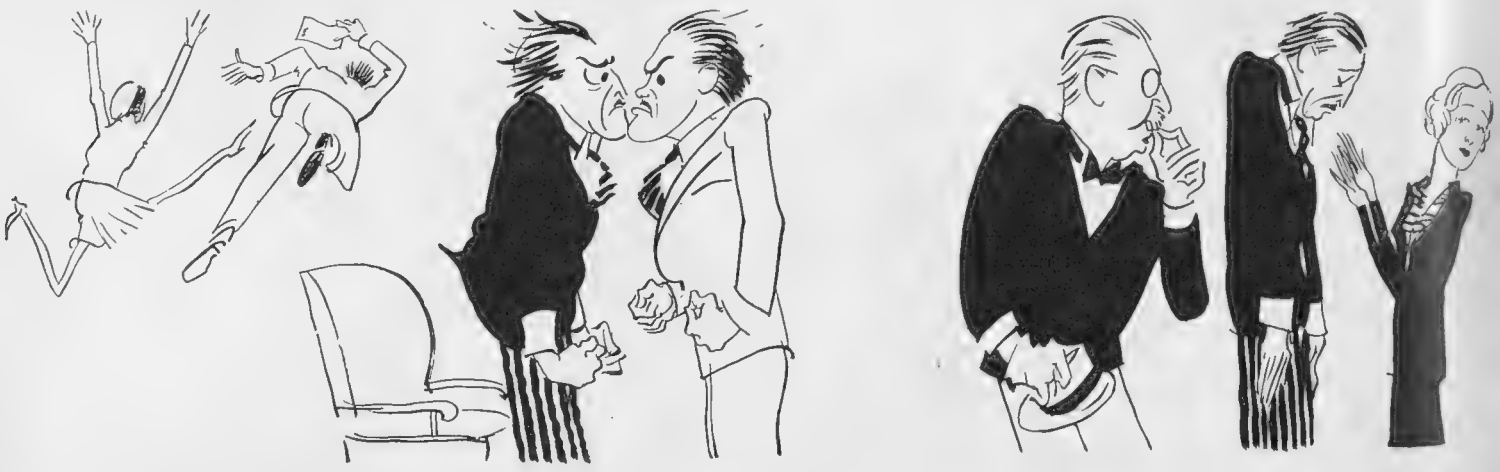
THE story itself deals with Mrs. Melbourne's disinclination to tell her two grown-up children that she is separated from their father. When pressed she pretends that he is dead and buried in a provincial cemetery in the town where she is playing. This leads to a graveyard scene, not in the best of taste.

HERE the children, who come to lay a wreath on the grave, meet the real widow of the gentleman interred, and come to the conclusion that they are illegitimate; and we have a succession of cheap japes about bastardy, which continue on and off with damnable iteration throughout the rest of the play.

SOME of the first-night audience seemed to enjoy this peculiar form of humour, which, on occasions, such as the dragging in of the name of Sidebottom, was more third form than good form; but for me the evening was a painful one, except for seeing what Marie Tempest could do with a bad part, and the playing of Robert Andrews, who made many lines sound less unpleasing than they were, thanks to his tact.

"King, Queen, Knave," at the Playhouse

ANOTHER play by H. M. Harwood, *King, Queen, Knave*, saw the light at the Playhouse the evening after the production of *So Far and No Father*. I regret that again, in this case, I cannot congratulate the



2. *They agreed, and he, being a true Scot, dashed off to the bank to cash the cheque he had received from the financier. . . . Later David refused to tell his plan of campaign to the aforesaid financier . . . so, with the King's permission, the financier tried to gain his own ends with the Princess, and fails—*

3. *This caused the bold financier to kick himself very heartily . . . but when he had recovered, he decided to double-cross the Scot with the aid of a Bolshie gent and several large-scale maps. . . . Meanwhile, the shipment of guns and all sorts of other materials of war was being hurried on, and arms and ammunition kept the transport department busy—*

dramatist on his work, which is an ineffective mixture of Anthony Hope in Zenda-ish mood and George Bernard Shaw when driving *The Apple Cart*.

THE bad taste of *So Far and No Father* is not duplicated here. The great fault of *King, Queen, Knave* is dullness. The plot, which deals with a princess only too glad to renounce her throne for love of a Scottish engineer, whose socks she looks forward to darning when living in a cottage and in married bliss, is new feuilleton, and not good feuilleton at that.

INTERLARDED with this plot are long discussions about monarchy, which, to put it mildly, are not particularly original, and what action the play possesses is held up while the author lets loose a spate of words.

GLADYS COOPER in her autobiography has modestly remarked, "I sometimes wonder whether I would be as successful in choosing plays for someone else as I have been for myself"; and it may be that in this case, as in that of Marie Tempest, she will secure for *King, Queen, Knave* some measure of popularity.

I REGRET the lack of good qualities in these two plays the more for the reason that H. M. Harwood has in the past—especially when working in collaboration with his wife, F. Tennyson Jesse—done good work for the stage, and it is up to our experienced dramatists to give of their best, and only of their best, in these times when cinema competition is such a menace.

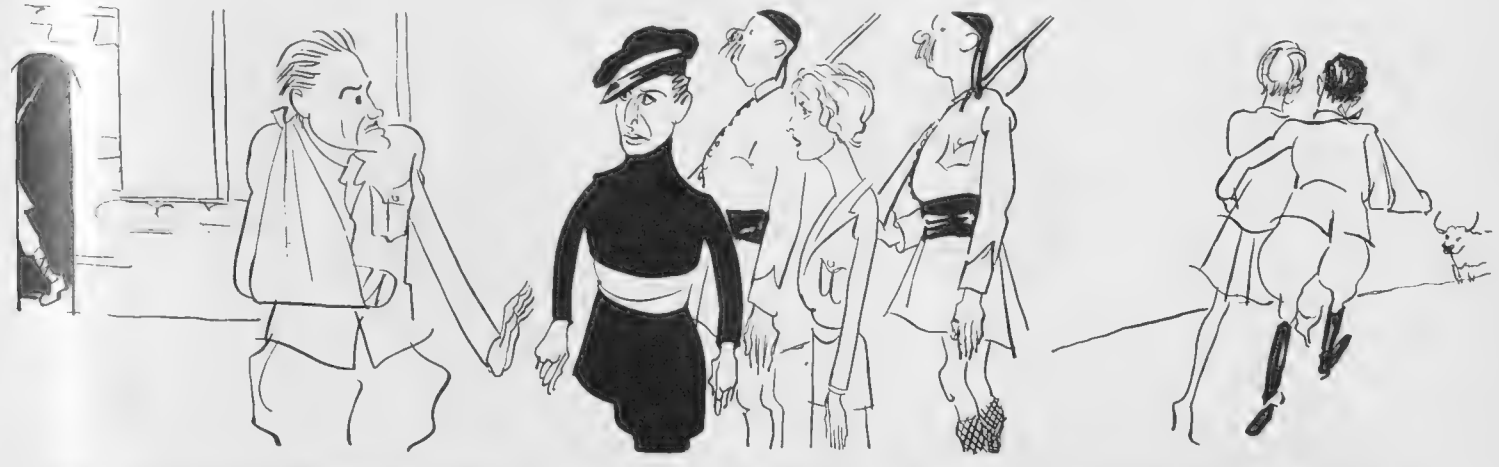
"Below the Surface," at the Prince of Wales

A PLAY set in an unhackneyed milieu, or dealing with a subject which has not been done to death, stands far more chance of attracting a shy public nowadays than one which harps on a familiar theme. To succeed, the latter must, indeed, possess merit out of the ordinary.

FOR the reason that *Below the Surface* at the Prince of Wales Theatre *is* out of the ordinary, though this is not the only one, I believe it will attract, though I think that as an all-man play it would have been even more successful. *Journey's End* showed that the old theory about the necessity for a love interest and having women in a cast is exploded, and I wish Messrs. J. L. F. Hunt and H. G. Stoker, the authors of *Below the Surface*, had courageously followed the Sherriff suit.

THIS story of how a submarine officer is suspected of taking risks during Fleet exercises owing to professional rivalry bears upon it the stamp of actuality, which is not surprising when one remembers that the part-author, H. G. Stoker, who also appears in the play with advantage to it, has had a distinguished career in the Navy and knows what he is writing about. The scene in which we are left in doubt as to whether the submarine will ever rise again from the bottom is one which must grip the most sophisticated of audiences. Anthony Ireland and Ivan Samson as Service rivals are both first rate.

V. W.



4. *But, alas, David lost his army, consisting of himself and another old soldier, and got captured . . . he thought the Princess had betrayed his plans, but later found that she had self-sacrificingly bartered her abdication for his liberty . . . then, with their backs to the Palace, they made for the Scottish Highlands to indulge in sock-darning and sheep-minding and to live happily ever after*

My Weekly Thought

by Norman Thwaites

ONE day last week I fell among pacifists. It is not good to associate with the spineless. Evil communications corrupt high courage. It comes as a shock every now and again to discover in Britons a lack of fibre. The argument began with a slurring remark about soldiering in any form. Officers' Training Corps, Territorials, and even Boy Scouts, were included. All those admirable institutions, which inculcate order, discipline, and loyalty, were anathema.

Conscientious objectors are persons who won't fight but are quite willing to accept the security provided by those who will.

"For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' chuck 'im out, the brute!
But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the guns begin to shoot!"

I VENTURED the opinion that if England had listened to the warnings of Lord Roberts and adopted universal training in the years prior to the European War, Great Britain would have had a trained reserve of from one to two millions behind the Contemptible Little Army, and the War would not have taken place on so large a scale, or would have ended sooner.

The wastefulness of unpreparedness has been demonstrated. In 1909 the War Office informed the National Service League that its proposals for military training would add £8,000,000 to Army Estimates. We saved £8,000,000 a year and saddled ourselves with War debts of astronomical size and a debt to America of a thousand million pounds sterling, which we are required to pay off at the rate of £38,000,000 a year for half a century.

National training might have saved the country untold misery and economic chaos. To-day, some form of conscription is no less essential. In the course of conversation with these defeatists, I recalled Mr. Neville Chamberlain's warning when he spoke of the insidious campaign to undermine our institutions, of the forces of revolution let loose and concentrated especially upon the overthrow of British ideas because they know that this country is the champion of ordered freedom.

NOT long ago Voroshiloff, the Soviet Commissar of War and Marine, predicted that the coming struggle will be a war of the masses; that all-weather fliers, heavy artillery, and deadly chemicals will play decisive rôles, and "in all these spheres the Red Army is already strong enough to beat all conceivable enemies!" And these people urge us to disarm!

MR. WALTER RUNCIMAN

Political circles are very much concerned with the position of Mr. Walter Runciman, the President of the Board of Trade. A growing number of Conservative members of Parliament are in active revolt against the Cabinet's policy on tariffs, and the question is asked whether the Prime Minister can much longer either sacrifice Mr Runciman and the Liberals in the National Cabinet, or face defeat on a major issue among his present supporters

WHAT is the situation to-day? Mr. Carlton Hall put it clearly in an article published in the *English Review* not long ago. The actual result of the limitation of Germany's army to 100,000 men is that the Reich has built up a highly trained nucleus which could be expanded into a national army. If France, under pressure, continues to reduce forces, Germany will be in a better strategic position than ever. Russia will not be, as in 1914, on the side of France, and we, having handed over command of the seas to America, will be unable to prevent American supplies reaching Germany, or any country ranged against us.

Enfeebled on land and sea, we shall be compelled to wait (incidentally disregarding our Locarno obligations) until Germany has overcome France and is prepared to do with us what she vainly hoped to do in 1914.

HENCE the need for conscription. The Army is the poor man's university. From the moment the recruit begins his training until he leaves the Service he undergoes an educational process which fits him for useful civilian work, teaches him respect for authority, and adds to his value as a member of the community.

It can be shown that the incidence of crime among soldiers and ex-soldiers is lower than in any other category of the population. Indeed, there are those who believe that the lawlessness of the United States is largely due to the immigration of men who left their country to escape military service.

Even Mr. H. G. Wells admits that the New World State needs its own militant Services, its own banded men of integrity and calculable action, even more than did the old order.

But the pacifist ignores all this. Like the Heathen Chinee:

. . . . and my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain
The righteous "Conchee" is peculiar.

Garnered at Random

WIFE: "You don't love me any more. When you see me crying now you never ask why."

HUSBAND: "I'm awfully sorry, my dear, but these questions have already cost me *such* a lot of money!"

* * *

THE general public, says a writer, do not realise what modern composers are doing. Neither, we imagine, do some of the composers.

* * *

BEFORE sentencing a man for being in possession of twelve bottles of whisky, an American judge sampled the spirit. It was, of course, his duty to try the case.

Bassano

Right: The Misses Joan and Diana Henry, the twin daughters of Mr. Joseph Wingfield Henry, who will be presented this season. They are the nieces of Lady Askwith, who last month gave a dance in their honour

"The Bystander's" second list of "Buds" of 1932

Bassano

Above: Miss Wenefryde Tabor, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tabor and a niece of Capt. Abel Smith, who married Lady May Cambridge last October. Her home is at the Lloyd House, Penn, near Wolverhampton

Hay Wrightson Bassano

The nearer of the two débutantes seen on the right is Miss Elizabeth Gratian Galbally, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Galbally, of Liverpool; and the other is Miss Ursula Wyndham. The only daughter of the Hon. Edward Wyndham, D.S.O., and of the Hon. Mrs. Edward Wyndham, she is a niece of Lord Leconfield of Cockermouth Castle, Cumberland

The Hub of the Universe

Piccadilly Circus as it appears when t
whilst Eros views the scene in s

when the theatres have disgorged their surging masses,
ne in silvery sheen and aims his shaft at lovers

An Impression by
R. C. Mathews

MARLENE DIETRICH

The attractive German film star who has scored so great a success in "vamp" parts in Hollywood, as she appears in her latest film, "Shanghai Express," in which she plays a notorious spy posing as a woman of the world. This Paramount film, with Clive Brook and Anna May Wong in the cast, will be seen at the Carlton Theatre shortly

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Query

by

Barbara Cartland

SIR ALEC FAYNE returned the salute of the Club commissionaire, and smiled in reply to the hall porter's greeting:

"Yes, I'm glad to be back," he answered.

"And her Ladyship?" the man asked.

"Is very well, thank you, Jackson. Any letters?"

The hall porter handed him a large packet, held together with an elastic band.

With a cheery smile at the page boy who took his hat and stick Alec Fayne walked into the smoking-room and sat down. How unchanged everything was—the same rather stuffy atmosphere—the same papers arranged in the same stereotyped order; even old Charlesworth asleep in the usual corner; yet it was five months since he had last entered the Club—five months since he had been married to the most wonderful girl in the world, and was made the happiest man alive.

How lovely Maureen was! If he shut his eyes for a moment Alec could picture her, vivid and beautiful, in a hundred different ways, yet each as clear and outstanding in his mind as if he held a photograph. Maureen in Egypt, standing under the Great Pyramid, her head thrown back to look at its height—the sun on her throat and glinting in the golden hair half-hidden under her large hat; Maureen on a balcony overlooking Lake Como, the moonlight on her bare shoulders, her eyes, dark and mysterious, looking into his; Maureen in Paris, in Rome, in Ceylon; Maureen beside Japanese cherry trees, in Chinese temples, under American skyscrapers, and now Maureen in London.

LAST night they had arrived, tired, after a rough Channel crossing, at their new house in Mayfair. A tiny Georgian residence squeezed between a fashionable thoroughfare and a mews. It held small rooms, wood-panelled; large sofas, soft lights, and warm velvet hangings.

Maureen had stood for a moment in the sitting-room, pulling her gloves from her long fingers, and looking around; then she had held out her arms, her lovely face raised.

"We are home, darling," she had said.

The letters on Alec's knees slid to the floor, and Alec recalled his wandering thoughts with a little sigh of happiness.

"Letters!" he frowned; bills, of course, although he thought he had paid them all; a few belated congratulations; then a handwriting which made him start. An uncertain, rather uneducated writing, on pale-blue notepaper. Alec took up the letter and put the rest on a table beside him. His expression was set, yet his eyes were anxious. He was thinking of himself seven months ago. He had told Eileen then about Maureen, told her as gently and kindly as he could; but he couldn't hide his eyes, or the note in his voice, when he said her name.

Eileen had heard him out; then she had wished him luck and sent him away.

He had often thought of Eileen, even on that ecstatic, wonderful honeymoon. At times, although he would not have confessed it even to himself, he had missed her sharp Cockney sense of humour, her quick understanding of a difficult situation. She was a mannequin with an incredibly subtle figure, a piquant nose, a wide laughing mouth, and dark tumbled hair—not beautiful by any means, but disturbing to a man's peace of mind. Alec had met her accidentally, and then for two years she had meant so much to him that he was almost afraid. Afraid for his name; for the house in Gloucestershire which had been mentioned in Domesday Book; for his mother who lived there, a fine product of the old school. Often he had been tempted when the spell of her was on him, when the charm of her stirred his blood, and when her youth and carriage stirred him to tenderness, to ask her to be his wife.

SHE loved him; she was frank—he was not the first man she had lived with, but she had never loved before. He believed her; he could not doubt the sincerity of her eyes, of her gentle clinging when passion was spent, of her unselfish faith in him.

She asked nothing from him; he was not rich; and there was no question of her giving up her work. He gave her presents—a fur coat, a brooch, a dressing-case—and she dined with him nearly every night of the week at the Berkeley, the Embassy, or the Café Anglais. He did not attempt to hide her from his friends, and, Society being what it is, she was often asked, too—to cocktail parties, to small dances—and they went together as a matter of course.

Had it not been for his mother Alec would undoubtedly have followed the beating of his heart and married Eileen. She was very presentable, but there was that indefinable something, that tiny barrier, which his mother could not fail to distinguish. There was that absurd framed family tree, the names embroidered, if you please,

Illustrated by CANEY

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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

by every succeeding generation. How often he had laughed at it, teased his mother for already having added the marriage line above his name with the point downwards waiting for his wife! "Eileen Baker." No, he couldn't ask his mother to work that name beside his, her proud fingers pulling the fine thread through that old tapestry.

FOR two years Eileen, and then came Maureen. The moment he saw her he knew, and so did she. It was at a ball given by his aunt. He had been asked alone, and he had cursed when he had to accept, and again at going. He had first dined with Eileen quietly at a Grill.

"Why must one attend these damn silly functions?" he had grumbled. "A mere marriage market for dull and stupid debutantes."

Eileen had laughed:

"Don't get hooked, my fine fish."

As he left he had asked:

"Shall I come and say good-night?"

"Of course," she answered, and as he put her into a taxi he had said:

"Au revoir!"

But that night Eileen had waited for him in vain.

He left the dance dazed, his brain whirling—he had no idea of the time until he found dawn was breaking. He saw only Maureen's radiant face, Maureen's eyes, so young, unspoilt, unawakened—Maureen's mouth untroubled and unkissed. He had touched her hand and it had left him shaken. They danced, and he knew himself madly in love for the first time in his life. It was instantaneous to both of them—the sort of thing which happens to two people in a million.

For three days he did not see Eileen; he sent her messages, evasive and false. The fourth day he told her the truth, and two months later he was married to Maureen.

Now, with Eileen's unopened letter in his hand, he realised for the first time how wonderfully she had behaved. He had told her that he was going to propose to Maureen, that he believed she would accept him, that nothing else in the world mattered beside this new love. He had stumbled over his words and not dared to look at Eileen as he spoke, feeling himself a brute, hating to hurt, even wishing the past undone. When he had finished he turned to face a pale but strangely composed Eileen; he did not understand that the shock had left her numb, that for the moment she could not realise the extent of her loss, and therefore she was calm, unnaturally so. She understood; there was no more to say—would he go? He had written to her once telling her that his engagement was to be announced the following day. Somehow he hated to think of her knowing of it only through the rough medium of the newspaper. In it he begged her to let him know if there was anything he could do for her, and she did not reply.

TWO years! It was a long time to belong utterly to someone—two years of considerable happiness, not, of course, to be compared with his present married life; but nevertheless he had been happy, and so had she. Could he have done more for her? He had not a clear conscience because he could not pay her off as if she had been an ordinary kept woman. Eileen had given herself to him because she loved him, not because it had been to her advantage. She was comparatively well off—she earned a steady four pounds a week, and made several hundreds a year in commission. She got her clothes at a discount, and her meals were nearly always provided by admirers. But she loved him! Over and over again, he told himself, it could have happened to anyone.

It must have ended some time, that was inevitable. Yet he could not convince himself into forgetfulness; even with Maureen in his arms he would remember Eileen's cry of welcome, or the eager joy of her arms round his neck—she loved him!!

Impatiently Alec slit open the letter in his hands—what could it contain? Why did she write now to revive old memories he was striving to forget? Almost angrily he opened the folded blue paper, then as he read his heart seemed to turn over within him. Eileen was going to have a baby. He read the letter again and again, then at last he tried to think coherently. A baby!—his child!

It was a pathetic little letter. Eileen had struggled on with her job until she was forced to leave. She had

"'Shall I come and say good night?' 'Of course,' she answered, and, as he put her into a taxi, he had said 'au revoir!'"

eked out her small savings, but influenza had dwindled them away to nothing, and then at last she was forced to put aside her pride and appeal to Alec for money to see her through the next month and her confinement. She took the whole responsibility—she allowed him no part save that of a friend in need. Imminent starvation for herself and her child was the only circumstance which could have made her confess to him her condition. She wrote simply, but the bare fact of her necessity was pitiably obvious. Wildly Alec looked at the date at the top of the letter—it had been written three weeks before. A wave of desperate anxiety swept over him. Eileen ill, Eileen hungry; bad enough if it was not his fault. Her brave eyes afraid, her lovely body spoilt and hungry. Eileen, who had meant so much to him, broken and shamed by him. Alec sank that moment into the depths of self-contempt, and, forgetful of everything around him, sank his head into his hands.

He started violently at the sound of his name. A page hurried across the room to him.

"You're wanted on the 'phone, Sir Alec."

He walked almost mechanically to the telephone box.

"Hello . . ."

"Is that Sir Alec Fayne?" replied a man's voice.

"Yes, I'm speaking . . ."

"This is Doctor Thompson, Sir Alec. I am telephoning to you at the earnest request of my patient, Miss Eileen Baker."

"Yes, yes; tell me quickly how she is!" Alec stammered.

There was a second's hesitation, then the Doctor said:

"I am sorry to tell you, Sir Alec, that she has had a premature confinement—the child is dead . . ."

"And she . . .?" Alec whispered, half anticipating the answer.

The doctor's voice dropped a little as he answered:

"Miss Baker may live an hour. She has one idea only, Sir Alec, that is, to see you. I have had some trouble in finding you. Could you come at once? I am speaking from the Maternity Hospital."

"I'll come at once. . . . Tell her I'm coming. . . ."

Alec staggered from the box; he was shaking from head to foot. He ran into the hall.

"Taxi!" he shouted. The commissionaire beckoned one from the rank outside.

"For God's sake hurry!" Alec muttered, but as he turned to give the man the address a page touched him on the arm.

"You're wanted on the 'phone, Sir Alec. It's urgent; the Hospital——"

What could have happened? Eileen couldn't have died. His heart thumping, Alec sped up the steps into the telephone box.

"Hello, Dr. Thompson," he hazarded.

"Is that Sir Alec Fayne?" asked a strange voice.

"Yes, who is it?" Alec questioned, and suddenly a strange premonition came to him, and in that instant he became calm with the calmness of despair.

"Charing Cross Hospital speaking," answered this strange voice. "I regret to tell you that your wife has had a motor car accident. It is serious, and she is being operated on. . . . She . . ." But Alec couldn't speak.

"If you could come at once, Sir Alec."

"Will she live?" Could that be his voice, Alec wondered, that hoarse croak. But he knew the answer before it came, all too clearly, to his ears:

"We can only hope, Sir Alec."

Maureen, his wonderful wife, dying; Eileen, his mistress, dying because of him, because of his child. As he walked to the waiting taxi he saw them both; saw their faces raised to his; their eyes filled with love; arms outstretched, they called him:

"Alec, my dear love!" That was Eileen. "My darling!" That was Maureen.

The commissionaire held open the taxi door—the taximan leant forward. Alec put one foot on the step:

"Drive like hell," he said, "to ....."

B. C.

Round The Town
by Jane Gordon

How much easier life would be if there were only some way of telling when one's friends had quarrelled with each other. There are so many people who are not on speaking terms now who were bosom friends a few short weeks ago that, unless you are absolutely up to date in your gossip, it is hardly safe to open your mouth at any party. I think people should wear some kind of sign or warning when they require tactful treatment, as they do when they have been vaccinated. A red ribbon round one's arm is, perhaps, rather cheap and nasty, but a large plaque or brooch enamelled in scarlet, with, perhaps, a jewelled skull and crossbones on it, or any little sign that would give one warning, might be worn as a badge by the women, and men might sport conspicuous signet rings of the same description.

London is becoming almost more Parisian than Paris. Not only are we getting more temperamental, but English women are dressing like French women, and the whole town is bristling with couturières and film stars. If you go into the Dorchester you are likely to run into Captain Molyneux or Monsieur Worth in the foyer. If you go out dancing in the evening you are likely to see Madame Schiaparelli. The more amusing cocktail parties are adorned by Ina Claire, the Menjous, or Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook. I was lunching at Punch's the other day, and although I had always considered that as typically English, it has begun to look almost like the Ritz bar in Paris. Lady Lavery, Mrs. "Nick" Prinsep, and Peggy Morris were just three of the dozens of smart women all dressed in black. Mrs. Morris, who is tall and very striking looking, with a willowy figure, was wearing an extremely smart black and white woollen material coat. A white yoke was joined to the black part in a zig-zag line of wide faggoting which was most effective.

I have noticed that all women when they have reached a certain pinnacle of success, or have achieved a certain amount of fame, take to wearing black in the daytime. It may be, of course, because they have come to the conclusion that, after all, black is the smartest thing to wear in the daytime, or they may, on the other hand, be mourning their lost irresponsibility. Evelyn Laye turned up at a most amusing cocktail party the other day. She was wearing a long coat of black face cloth over a black dress, a little black hat, and a bunch of white gardenias on the front of her bodice. Mrs. Adolphe Menjou at the same party was wearing an afternoon dress of black velvet with puffed sleeves, and thick white Irish lace at the neck. Her black felt beret was tipped over her nose—not at an angle over her right eye—and was trimmed at the back with flat white flowers.

Lady Patricia Moore, the attractive daughter of Kathleen Countess of Drogheda. She has recently become associated with the Oxford undergraduate paper, "The Cherwell," for which, it is said, she writes a London letter every week

It is very difficult to find original hat materials. A new ribbon straw has been produced this season which I think is going to have a great success. It looks exactly like straw, but is, in fact, ribbon, so that it can be made up either stiffened or unstiffened. A well-known Bond Street firm of dressmakers, who seem to have all rights reserved on it, have christened it Strib, and they are making it up into both hats and berets. They have also got a hat trimmed with an amusing bow made of ordinary fine string knitted on small needles into a ribbon about an inch wide.

At last someone has discovered a really smart, as well as original, evening glove. Madame Schiaparelli was wearing the other evening gold mesh gauntlet gloves. They were transparent, and looked as if they were made of fine gold string. They reached just to the wrist, and had an extraordinarily mediæval air about them. Madame Schiaparelli is one of the very few Paris couturières who looks the part. The Comtesse de Robillant, who was in the same party, wore a simple dress of tinsel lamé with a pattern of gold leaves. The Comtesse de Villeneuve was another smart foreigner who was out dancing at the Embassy that evening, and she was wearing a full-length cape of chinchilla over a black chiffon evening dress.

Women who are being presented at Court this season are receiving with their cards a separate slip of paper which informs them that "The Lord Chamberlain has the honour to intimate that Their Majesties have expressed the wish that ladies attending Court should, as far as possible, wear dresses of British Manufacture." As a matter of fact, women who have their Court dresses made in Paris or by a French firm are indulging in a most mistaken form of snobbery, because the making of Court dresses is just the one thing that French dressmakers cannot do as well as the English. There are so many little rules and regulations and etiquettes connected with Court clothes, and one can be certain that an English dressmaker will not let one down and send one to Court with any detail wrong.

CLUBS AND RESTAURANTS—EXTENSION NIGHTS

Place	Extension Night	Hour	Entertainments
Ambassadors Club ..	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Cabaret at midnight.
Berkeley	Wed.	2 a.m.	Cabaret at midnight.
Café Anglais	Fri.	2 a.m.	Stanelli's Dance Band · Hutch; Western Bros. Eda Peel.
Café de Paris	Wed.	2 a.m.	Eddie Gros-bart's Dance Band; Madame Heritza
Ciro's Club	Wed.	2 a.m.	Jacob's Dance Band; Dress Show by "Pam."
Claridge's Hotel ..	—	—	Sunday Dance Gala & Cabaret with Collins Band.
Dorchester Hotel ..	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Ambrose's Blue Lyres; Elsa Macfarlane; Claire Cortez and Don Marquis.
Embassy Club	Thurs.	2 a.m.	No cabaret.
Empress Rooms	Fri.	2 a.m.	Hutch and his Revellers.
Hungarian..	Tues.	2 a.m.	Hungaria Orches., 11.30–12.15.
Kit-Cat	Thurs.	2 a.m	Cabaret of 80 performers.
May Fair Hotel	Wed.	2 a.m.	Ambrose's Orchestra.
The Monseigneur ..	Varies	2 a.m.	Roy Fox's Band and Nan Blackstone.
Piccadilly Hotel ..	Thurs.	2 a.m.	The Piccadilly Six.
Quaglino's	Wed.	2 a.m.	Van Straten's Band.
Romano's	Wed.	2 a.m.	Cabaret at midnight.
Savoy	Thurs.	2 a.m.	Cabaret 10.15 and midnight.
Trocadero	Fri.	2 a.m.	C. B. Cochran's supper time "Creation."

IN DOCK—AND OUT OF PORT

The prisoner in the dock, seen above, is Richard Adderley (Ion Swinley), accused of murdering a certain Leonora, a lady with several lovers. On the bench sits Mr. Justice Hatton (Frank Cellier), who knows that Adderley is not guilty, and ineffectively sums up in his favour. This is one of the scenes in "Sentenced," by Harold Simpson, now running at the Comedy Theatre

Leonora (Sunday Wilshin), the cause of all the bother in "Sentenced" at the Comedy Theatre, who finds herself a billet for a bullet, thanks to the fact that she is on with the new love before being off with the old

A scene from "Below the Surface" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, a play about a submarine adventure written by G. L. F. Hunt and H. G. Stoker. The latter had a distinguished career in the Navy, and he has seen to it that all details are correct in a very interesting play. Reading from left to right, the naval officers are: Geoffrey Wincott, Patric Curwen, Ballard Berkeley, and Oliver Johnston. The officer's servant is played by Lionel Dixon

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN OF 1932

By

The Hon. Patrick Balfour

BASIL is a younger son. He is the rolling stone which, ten years ago, the builders rejected, but which is now become the headstone of the climber.

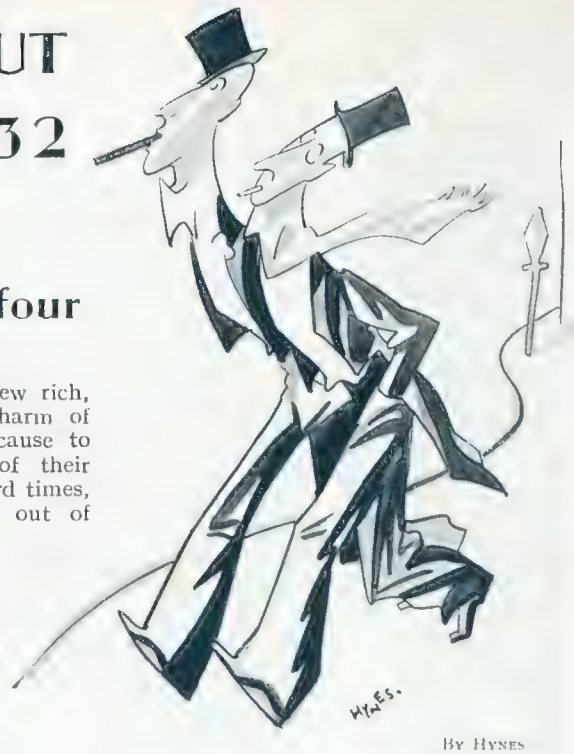
To be an elder son, in 1932, is not much catch. Basil's elder brother, Henry, was the man about town ten years ago. He was in the "Blues," and he belonged to the Marlborough and White's and the Turf and the Bachelor's and the Cavalry Club, and was at the head of every hostess's dinner-list. Basil is in Cactus's, the decorator's, and he belongs to Punch's and the Embassy and the Blue Lantern and the Bat, and by no means every hostess is on his dinner-list.

WHEN Henry came into the title he had to leave the "Blues" (and the Marlborough and White's and the Turf), retire to the country, and devote every energy to keeping the encumbered family estates together. Poor Henry! He is hardly eligible now, with that onerous millstone of unproductive land round his neck and the death duties neither paid nor likely to be. Basil, with the nice little income which each of the younger children inherited, besides what he has the leisure to make, and with nothing at all to keep up, is relatively much better off.

But the rise of Basil and the fall of Henry is due to more than money. Henry is a dull dog, really, and getting more pompous every day now that he has reached the thirties. But Basil has inherited all his mother's charm, and he has come in for an age when it is "the thing" to be intelligent again; when it is Society's fashion to be charmingly and superficially highbrow, to talk of books they have not read and pictures they have not seen, ballets they have not understood, and music they have slept through—the "smartistic" blend of which Coward and Cochran are the high priests. Henry is utterly lost in all this, but it suits Basil down to the ground.

BASIL, to Henry's stern disapproval, has "no fixed employment." If you ask him what he does he produces Cactus's as an alibi, or says, "My dear, I've just finished a novel. You're all in it, of course"—omitting to mention that he has not yet begun it. He does look in at Cactus's often enough, when accompanied by one of the new rich, whom, by turning on that charm of his like a tap, he can soon cause to forget the obituary nature of their wealth. Amazing, in these hard times, how much Basil does make out of commission.

Presumably Basil is on the dance lists—if, indeed, such phenomena still exist. But he has never been to a debutante party in his life, except at the Embassy. Sometimes Lady Ginchester does invite him to dine for a dance; but only because she hopes to be asked back to one of his bottle parties, or, if she is lucky, to one of his luncheons to meet Osbert Sitwell or Gertrude Lawrence or Jean Cocteau. But the gates into Basil's world, informal though it be, are not so easy to scale, and many a dowager has sighed in vain.



By Hynes

"Ever taken lessons in correspondence?"
"Yes. I never write to women now!"

BASIL lives in a mews, with a garage which he has converted into an immense studio. The scheme of the room is white, with steel furniture and a white piano, and huge, square sofas and one Picasso over the electric fireplace, and hangings with a modern black and white design. Naturally, he did it all himself.

Mrs. Eggs, who looks after him, calls Basil in the morning at the reasonable hour of ten. What is his day thereafter?

WELL, he has his orange-juice and reads the *Daily Express*, and telephones in bed till about eleven. After which he wanders out. He looks into Cactus's for a moment to get some money from the till. Then he orders a bunch of daffodils for an editress to whom he hopes to sell drawings. He drinks a cocktail at the Ritz and makes a date for a cinema in the afternoon. He lunches with Lady Amethyst in Grosvenor Square. On one side of him sits a well-known beauty whom he persuades to advertise an even better-known brand of cigarette.

ON the other is a woman from Rome who has just taken a flat in Mayfair and wants to know who is the best person to decorate it. He tells her—and chucks the cinema date to catch the bird in the hand. At tea with Lady Bandbox (to meet Emil Ludwig, whom he does not meet) he endeavours to persuade an official of the B.B.C. that his broadcast views on salmon-fishing (in which he has never indulged), would be of absorbing interest to the great British public. Then he rushes off to pick up Patricia at Punch's and take her to some cocktail parties. They eat too many stuffed eggs and too many hot sausages, and too many bits of celery plastered with cheese, and drink too many whiskies and sodas (because the cocktails, my dear, are sheer poison; just *taste* them), and Basil hears news of an impending engagement which he promptly telephones through to his favourite "daily." After which he has to fly home and give Lady Ginchester dinner and take her to a concert at the Queen's Hall.

THIS is followed by a supper-party at the Embassy for a visiting American film star who can at last afford to say that he was born in Lambeth (which he wasn't; it was Whitechapel). Escaping late, Basil flies to the Blue Lantern to find that there is a party on in Great Ormonde Street; nobody quite knows whose, but there is plenty of gin. And here he finds a mildly intoxicated theatrical manager who, over eggs and bacon at the Criterion towards dawn, invites him to lunch at the Savoy Grill next day to discuss the question of Basil's designing some costumes for his next play.

SUCH is Basil's day. Or, is it? Rather would I describe it as his dream day. Days, though always as full, are not always as profitable. "But," he says, "a regular job never pays, my dear; and it's *so* demoralising. You make ten times the amount of money by not having a job at all But don't tell Mrs. Eggs that!"

A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

THIS charming black lace gown is typical of the silhouette stressed by Chanel in her evening models. The bodice is unimportant, the décolletage supported by tiny straps, but a shaped scarf covers the shoulders and the rather low waistline is held by a narrow belt. The skirt fits closely over the hips and then flares out until it reaches the ankles. A special fashion section showing a representative selection of the new season's models will appear in next week's issue

A sketch by Drian showing two views of a new model by Chanel

Trousered Elegance

Yachting Suits are appropriately Nautical

an Ray, Paris

A SMART pyjama suit of plain cream colour wool has flared trousers of moderate width and a short cross-over jacket with immensely broad revers fastened by a button. With it is worn a brightly coloured foulard tie. Vera Boréa

FOR really practical wear nothing could be better than this costume consisting of a white vest and navy blue woollen trousers which obviate all difficulty with buttons by the use of two lightning fasteners. Busvine

Small Hats for Spring

The new models either have small brims which are inclined to turn up all round or only at one side or they dispense with brims altogether

THERE are a number of novelties in the world of millinery this season, amongst which one of the most successful is the type of hat favoured by Rose Descat and illustrated in the accompanying photograph. This either has a small brim evenly shaped and turned up all the way round, or cut away to nothing at one side and turned up on one side only. Some of these models are in felt but many of them are in straw and the most popular is an amusing version of the baby boy's sailor hat which turns up all the way round and is merely trimmed with a narrow ribbon of a contrasting shade. Both soft flexible straws are used and thicker, rougher weaves and a novelty is the white cellophane straw employed by Suzanne Talbot. Many of the new models are carried out in georgette trimmed with much machine stitching and made to match the colour of the accompanying costume. Maria Guy ties small checked turbans around the head with a knot over one eye, and Agnes favours tiny caps of striped silk topped with a pom-pom or a cockade of ribbon.

Man Ray,

A becoming model for early spring is carried out in felt with a small crown and a narrow brim cut away to nothing over one eye where it is tied with a tiny felt bow. The brim is turned down in front and up on the left. From Rose Descat

On the left is a blue straw hat with a turned-up brim, next to it is a white bali-buntal model, and on the right is a brimless violet-blue straw hat trimmed with three feather pads in different tones of the same colour. From Adele

Curls or no Curls?

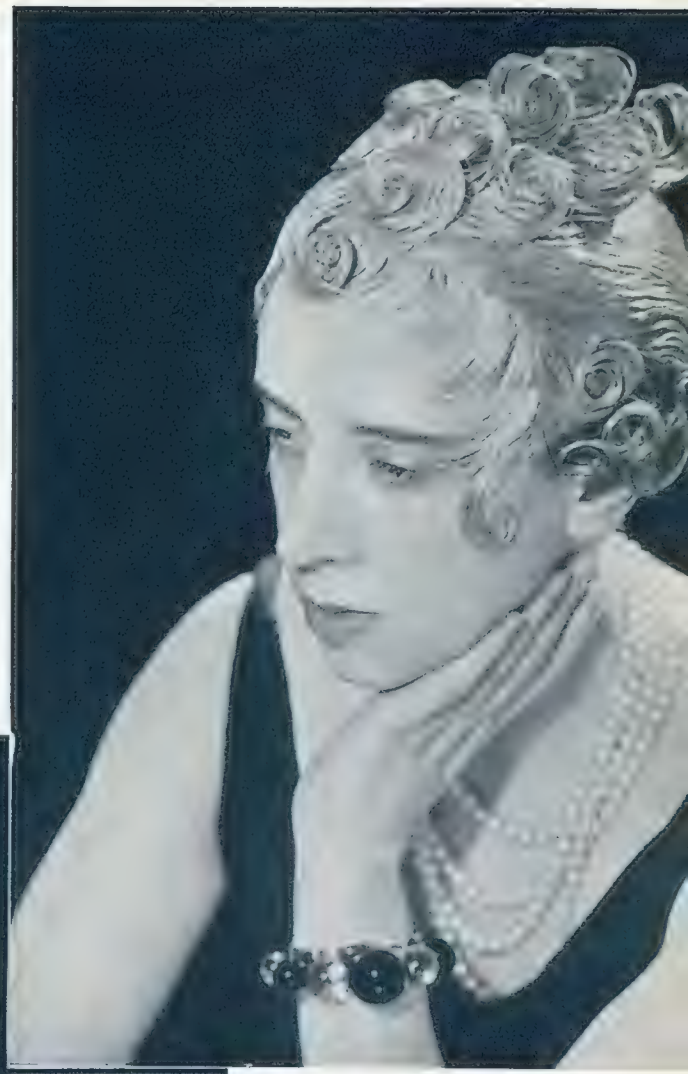
Different versions of two of the latest Coiffures

ABOVE is seen a new coiffure, created by Antoine, which has a series of small flat curls on the side and several upstanding ones across the top of the head, giving the effect of a diadem. Below a very simple but extremely chic coiffure is worn to perfection by the Countess Bosdari

A contemporary and not altogether unsuccessful effort to gild the Lily

A modern Perruque of silver lacquer reminiscent of Beau Nash and a splendid Diadem worthy of a Queen

Shaw Waldman



Man Ray, Pa

A startling but very becoming effect is obtained by this wig designed by Antoine for Madame Schiaparelli. It is made very much on the lines of an 18th century perruque but is stiffened with silver lacquer instead of pomade and powder and has an uneven fringe brushed forward over the forehead.

Diamonds and jade combine to make this magnificent tiara which has curved ends from which hang jade pendants. The bracelet is of rock crystal and diamonds, and the pendant of jade and diamonds has a long tassel of onyx. These jewels and the tiara are from Cartier Ltd.

Monckton Hoffe's charming sentimental comedy, "The Faithful Heart," has been filmed by Gainsborough with an English cast for an English play. On the left is a scene in the prologue showing Waverley Ango (Herbert Marshall) in the Merchant Service, with Blacky (Edna Best) "the girl he left behind him," at the Southampton Inn

"THE FAITHFUL HEART"

FAIRLY FAITHFULLY DEPICTED ON THE SCREEN

Another picture of Blacky (Edna Best) dressed in the fashions of the 'nineties, which add to the interest of this film

Waverley Ango (Herbert Marshall), now a distinguished General, with Blacky's daughter—and his own—of whose existence he was entirely unaware

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ALCOVE

By "JUNIUS"

CASANOVA spent his old age in compiling an account, in many volumes, of the gallantries of his youth. Mr. Lou Tellegen has followed this example at the age of forty-seven, but has contented himself with one volume, *Women Have Been Kind* (Jarrolds: 18*s.*). But this is just as illuminating as Casanova's closely printed tomes. Mr. Tellegen first became known to the English and American public as Sarah Bernhardt's leading man. But before he went on the stage he had an absolutely kaleidoscopic career. A trapeze acrobat, a pugilist, a miner, an artist's model—he sat to Rodin—a bull-fighter, an explorer in the jungle, then actor and playwright. And, no matter his métier, he has had *bonnes fortunes* which remind one of W. S. Gilbert's lines:—

And every bird will come down at his word,
Whatever its plumage or clime.

HIS amatory experiences began as a youth, when he carried off his father's *chère amie*. This predation on the parental preserves actually made his astounding career. Naturally, the father, who colonised Java and died of seventy-three wounds in the Boer War—like Susan's father in the little verse you all know—was "extremely vexed," and the son was cast into a world in which he immediately began his Casanova-like career. No modern has written more frankly about his affairs with women, and, although a suggestion of "I came, I saw, I conquered," glimmers through these recollections of the alcove, he does homage to the many charmers by whom he was enthralled.

IN addition to a galaxy of "adventures," Mr. Tellegen has had four wives. And the last one writes a sort of epilogue to his book. She says "these endless escapades" cannot be understood, "unless one knows the blazing personality of the man." Also, "He is the true type all women adore—a lover who pursues." Perhaps the same pride which leads a picture collector to show you his gallery has inspired Mr. Tellegen to show us his gallery of ex-wives and ex-mistresses. Certainly, there is no difference in the pride of possession.

GEORGE PREEDY once again takes us into the realms of high romance in *The Pavilion of Honour* (The Bodley Head: 7*s.* 6*d.*), this time into the Europe at the close of the reign of Louis XIV. Her hero, Claude Alexandre de Bonneval, is typical of his period. As the author says, "Alcibiades *en perruque*, Alexander in the bullion, lace and gold tassels of a *Maréchal de Camp*, Mark Antony in taffeta with scented, pomaded ringlets, fêted in a *salon* crowded with Graces and Muses *en poudre*." The young man has his own fantastic code of honour which leads him to desert the service of France for that of the Holy Roman Empire. There, after gaining great renown, he once more deserts and offers his sword to the Turks.

Before he left France Bonneval, after jilting Judith de Gontaut, to whom he had been betrothed in youth, lays himself at the feet of Suzon Montelli, the daughter of a rich banker. His changes of side actually reflect little or nothing upon his character. It was common enough in those days amongst the great military leaders who "had Europe for their playground." His military achievements, however, are only the background for a life of fantastic adventure, which George Preedy relates with a dashing vigour that sweeps the reader on breathlessly. The atmosphere of splendour, the political and amorous intrigues in the palaces in Paris, Vienna, Italy and Turkey, through which Bonneval flits in superb array, glitters throughout the book, which is so full of baroque incident and character that one is reminded of a huge picture by Tiepolo. George Preedy is a master of historic detail, and although *The Pavilion of Honour* does not achieve the greatness of *Rocklitz*, it has a strength and special attraction of its own.

LOU TELLEGEN

The actor, once Sarah Bernhardt's leading man, whose amazingly frank book of memoirs, "Women Have Been Kind" (Jarrolds: 18s.) is reviewed by "Junius" on this page

WHEN an author finds it necessary to explain the title of his book by a note, the suspicion instantly occurs to one that he himself is not sure that his readers will understand his characters. This suspicion is justified by *The Rats of Norway* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by J. Keith Winter. The note explains that every year many thousands of lemmings swim out into the sea from a Norwegian town to a submerged island. They swim on until drowned. I did not hail Mr. Winter's first book, *Other Man's Saucer*, as the outcome of budding genius, and I find his second book unsympathetic and sometimes dull. The motif of the story is that men and women set out on the adventure of love in the same spirit as that in which the lemmings swim out to the non-existent island. Two couples—Mrs. Clayton, the wife of the headmaster of a preparatory school in Northumberland, and Sebastian, one of the masters: and Stevan Beringer, another master, and Tilly, a cousin of Mrs. Clayton, set out on the adventure. The first adventure—one of flagrant adultery—ends in tragedy; the second in Stevan being loved more than he loves.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

The author of innumerable "thrillers," seen enjoying a quiet moment at Monte Carlo. "Oppie" is a familiar and very popular figure on the Côte d'Azur where he has made his home for so long

MR. WINTER, I think, is wrong psychologically in Mrs. Clayton. Would a woman of her character and temperament be swept off her feet by a heavy drinker? This young writer,

CRUELTY CONUNDRUMS

By LADY KITTY RITSON

I WAS lately showing Alfred and his mother, Bertha, at an exhibition held at a big store. They did not get there till eleven o'clock, and they were in a very large pen, where they could stretch themselves and walk about. They were taken out for a run during the afternoon and given food and water, yet at least a dozen people said to me: "It is dreadfully cruel to keep the dogs here."

I AM always interested in what, to other people's minds, constitutes cruelty, I am also open to argument. If I were really assured that showing dogs was cruel I would never do so again; but, frankly, I cannot see it. I deplore the habit that some exhibitors have of dragging a dog from show to show, because I do not think that it is natural or good for the dog's health, but a show twice a month could not hurt any dog.

PERSONALLY, I would never leave a dog at a two-day show all night. If I couldn't take it home, I wouldn't go to the show; but I do not think that doing so is cruel, any more than it is cruel for somebody to be forced to take a night journey sitting up in a third-class carriage. It is boring, tiring, and uncomfortable, but nothing more. I should always be afraid of the dog strangling himself with its chain, and I am terrified of fire, but I can see no cruelty.

ON the other hand, the American habit of sending dogs "on circuit," which means that the wretched animals go from over-heated show to over-heated show, travelling in between, I do consider cruel, because it lasts for so long, and the dogs get so worn out. Yet some perfectly kind people would not consider that cruel at all.

Mrs. Hockey with her fine Alsatian, Packenham Max. She showed him at the recent Alsatian Club Show at Tattersall's

CRUELTY is very much a matter of the difference in imagination between different minds. To my way of thinking, to under-exercise a dog and to over-feed it is terribly cruel, because the dog is in a constant state of ill-health. Yet *you* might not find that nearly so bad as beating a dog severely. It is a pity that the dogs cannot tell us what they consider cruel.

I DON'T suppose that Alfred and Bertha enjoyed spending the day in a pen, being stared at by hundreds of people, but that is because their ordinary everyday life is such a happy one, with two long walks a day, and the rest of the time sitting with me. But everything human or animal must undergo a certain amount of discipline for the good of its soul, and I feel that when my dogs are doing something which is tiresome for them that they are paying a sort of moral debt to Fate.

BUT I agree that it is all very puzzling, and I know that the people who said to me to-day that it was cruel to shut the dogs up for seven hours were really distressed at my behaviour.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued from page 419*)

too, must learn that when physiology comes on to the page romance departs from the minds of his readers, even if they have only limited imaginations. And some of Mr. Winter's pages are spattered freely with physiology. The story I find reminiscent of *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill*, and *Young Woodley*.

IF I had been asked to give a title to *Desirable Young Men* (Philip Allan: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Philip Carleton, I should have called it *An Unpleasant Young Man*. Fulk Pearson, the hero, a Cambridge undergraduate with more money than is good for him, dabbles in everything, from the occult to amateur theatricals. A morbid-minded, utterly selfish young man with a bad influence on those about him, especially on Jasper Brownlowe, an ordinary, rather stupid fellow whose future career is spoilt through Pearson. The story positively abounds in languages—German, French, Spanish, and Latin. Mr. Carleton, unfortunately, gives the idea of trotting out his own erudition. Fulk Pearson's library of books on black magic and kindred subjects is encyclopædic. And how all the young men in the story drink! The list of what they drink becomes monotonous.

MISS OLIVE MOORE, the author of *Fugue* (Jarrolds: 7*s.* 6*d.*), has invented a new horror in fiction. She bestows upon her hero, Harrison, a ghoulish passion for watching bodies being cremated at Père Lachaise, and, more than that, goes into revolting details. I need say no more.

DOROTHY BUCK

Whose new novel, "The Last Oasis" (Hurst and Blackett, 7s 6d.), is reviewed this week. It deals with life in a French outpost in Tunisia

FROM these three books, each in its way unhealthy and morbid, it is a relief to turn to *The Last Oasis* (Hurst and Blackett: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Dorothy Buck. Here you have life in a French outpost in Tunisia, with normal men and women working out their destinies on normal lines. Miss Buck gives her characters none of the high romance associated invariably with sheikh stories. They are just ordinary people who live under the glaring African sun. Bruno de Forêt's love for Madame Versigny, and his struggle against the malignity of his stepfather, Colonel Saurel, towards the Versigny couple, are the essential points of the story, the tragedy of which is enhanced by Miss Buck's glowing descriptions of the setting in which it is enacted. Her portraits, too, of the officers and officials, and their wives and families, who make up the little world of the oasis, are admirable. I have never read in English a more vivid or more faithful account of life in a French African colony.

IF you want an enthralling book of travel, breaking new ground, let me recommend *Across New Guinea* (Constable: 15*s.*), by Ivan C. Champion. In his preface Sir Hubert Murray, the Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, describes the expedition as "the most difficult and important work of exploration performed in any of the islands." An earlier attempt to cross New Guinea at its widest point had been made by Mr. C. H. Karius, assistant resident magistrate, with Mr. Champion as his only white colleague. But this ended in failure. The second attempt brought complete success, and Mr. Champion's account, written with simple directness, gives us a mass of information about an unknown territory.

The Pewsey Vale Beagles moving off to the draw from the meet held at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester. Mr. F. Lowsley-Williams, the Huntsman, is seen on the left accompanied by one of the Whippers-in, Mr. H. W. Cole

Runners in the first heat of the 120 yards hurdles at the Oxford University sports making a good clearance. Held on the Iffley Road ground, no notable performances were seen apart from the High Jumping of L. F. York

A MIXED BAG OF SPORT

Some of the runners in the Buckhurst 'Chase at Kempton Park taking one of the fences. The favourite, Bangle II, seen on the left, shared the fate of so many recent favourites and finished among the "also-rans"

Holmes, the Grand National entrant named after the head waiter of Brown's Hotel, in Dover Street, who took its dam in settlement of a debt and is now owned by Mr E. T. Tyrwhitt Drake. With him is Mr. Beechener, who will ride him, and hopes it will be a case of "elementary, my dear Watson!"

A midfield scramble during the recent match between the Royal Navy and the Civil Service at Chiswick. The weather played a big part in the game, for, after being eight points in arrears, the Royal Navy, with the wind behind them, finally won by a goal and three tries to two goals

THE SUCCESS of the SMALL CAR

By E. M. WRIGHT

THE Albert Hall last week was the scene of a happy event. "Tin Lizzie"—in her day perhaps the most famous car in the world—is now the proud grandmother of a most attractive Baby Ford, which, in the manner of the younger generation, will probably put its mother, Model A, somewhat in the shade. Mr. Henry Ford and his satellites have for years been the arch-apostles of the big car. The old Model T—"Tin Lizzie" of song and story—and its successor, Model A, were both of this type. As a sop to local prejudice a special model, intended for the British market alone, was fitted with a smaller engine, but it was offered half apologetically and at extra cost.

***

THE appearance of a genuine 8 h.p. baby, which is to be built, by the way, entirely at the new works at Dagenham, is a noteworthy departure from former practice. Doubtless, this baby is at present intended only for countries such as our own, where taxation creates a special market for small cars, but I am convinced that what Dagenham thinks to-day Detroit will think to-morrow. The trend everywhere is towards smaller cars, and if I read the signs aright we shall one day wake up to find Mr. Henry Ford has become a baby car zealot.

***

THE first Austin Seven, brought out ten years ago, owed its existence primarily to our ridiculous taxation system, but is this question of taxation to-day a matter of first importance? I do not think so. Were the present horse-power tax to be abolished altogether, and were our manufacturers free to design cars of any engine size they liked, there would still be as big a demand as ever for baby cars. They are no longer a type suited only to the special and rather artificial requirements of motorists in this country. The baby car has become a firm favourite all over the world, and is making rapid headway even in America, where, until very recently, large cars reigned supreme, and a baby car was less than the dust beneath the saloon wheels. It is a type with a far wider appeal than a mere saving in tax. It has virtues which are peculiar to itself.

Mr. R. A. Railton, the designer of Sir Malcolm Campbell's "Bluebird," which broke its own world's record at Daytona last week. He is seen driving a 1900 vintage car at Brooklands during an Old Crocks' race

Cars lined up for the start of the recent Inter-Varsity Speed Trials at Hexton, near Hitchin. The Wolseley Hornet seen in the foreground was driven by Mr. W. J. E. Phillips

A photograph taken at a recent meet of the Ross Harriers at Brampton House, Madley, the home of Major Beaumont Thomas, M.P. The Master, Mr. V. R. Corbett-Winder, is seen immediately on the right of the car, which is the latest model Alvis "Silver Eagle" Atlantic Saloon

GREATEST of those virtues is its all-round economy. Not only do you save in horse-power tax, you save in initial cost (for the baby car is the cheapest you can buy) and you save also in running costs and in insurance and depreciation. And cost, quite apart from taxation, is the deciding factor in almost every motor car sale here or abroad. Such economy involves no sacrifice of essential features. The performance of the average baby car is as good as many cars twice the size and costing hundreds of pounds more to buy and a great deal more to run; often it is very much better. Side by side, too, with improvements in performance there has been a steady improvement in appearance and comfort. The modern Seven, Minor, Midget, or Junior, have looks, and often better looks, than many more expensive types. And it can offer you really comfortable accommodation. To claim that a 1932 model of one of the famous makes of baby car will comfortably seat four adults is no mere "sales talk." It is an accepted commonplace.

***

THE very smallness of the baby car is one of its particular charms. I know motorists who will drive anywhere in a little car with complete confidence, but who would be genuinely afraid of handling bigger models, which are often rather aptly described as chauffeur types. Ask any women

(Continued on page 424)

MARCH, 1932

1st to 15th inclusive.

1st ST. DAVID'S DAY.
Last day, wild bird shooting
Badminton. All-England Champs. (Roy. Hort. Hall).
Shows. Hunter and Thoroughbred Stallions (Royal Agricultural Hall) opens.
Royal Dublin Society Show and Sale, Pedigree Bulls, opens.
Racing. National Hunt Meeting, Cheltenham.
Motoring. R.A.C. 1,000 miles British Motor Rally.

2nd **Badminton.** All-England Champs. (Roy. Hort. Hall).
Racing. Downpatrick (Co. Down Hunts) Steeplechases opens.

3rd **Football.** French Army v British Army (Paris).

4th **Fencing.** Ladies' Foil Championship (final pool).
Shows. Nat. Pony Society (R. Agricultural Hall) opens.
Coursing. North Herts.
Racing. Hurst Park and Catterick Bridge.

5th **Rugby.** R. Navy v. Army (Twickenham).
Hockey. Wales v. England (Wrexham).
Lacrosse. Southern Senior Flags final.
Racing. Hurst Pk., Catterick Bridge and Naas Stplchs.

7th **Rackets.** Amateur Doubles Champ. begins (Queen's Club).

7th cont. **Racing.** Wolverhampton and Plumpton.
Coursing. Rochford Club Meeting.

8th **Racing.** Wolverhampton.

9th **Racing.** Chelmsford and Salisbury Plain Military Steeplechases.

10th **Racing.** Sandown Park.

11th **Racing.** Grand Military Meeting (Sandown Park).

12th **Rugby.** Wales v. Ireland (Cardiff).
Football. Semi-finals (F.A. Cup).
Athletics. National Cross Country Championships (Wolverton).
Hockey. Ireland v. England (Dublin).
Rackets. Amateur Doubles Champ. (Queen's Club).
Show. R. Norfolk Agric. Assn. Stallion (Norwich).
Racing. Grand Military Meeting (Sandown Park).

14th **Fishing.** Last day, Freshwater fishing, England and Wales.
Rackets. Amateur Singles Champ. begins (Queen's Club).
Racing. Lincoln Meeting, Hawthorn Hill and Colwell Park Steeplechases.

15th **Racing.** Lincoln Meeting, Hawthorn Hill Stplechases.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

THE SUCCESS OF THE SMALL CAR (continued from page 422)

driver which she prefers, and in nearly every case she will vote for a baby car, or at any rate a small light car. And this is particularly true, of course, if you drive much in traffic. The owner of a baby car can dodge in and out along crowded streets, where in a larger car he would always be in difficulties—some imaginary, but most of them real enough. Few of us possess the uncanny skill of the London bus driver. He could manœuvre his way through the eye of a needle. But though I do not mean to suggest that big cars are as unwieldy as buses, there is no denying that the smaller the car the more confidence you have. And then there is garage space to consider. Many garages in the new houses that are going up in thousands outside our big towns are quite incapable of housing a large car, and in any case, if the car did fit, it would be such a tight squeeze that your heart would be in your mouth every time you drove in or out.

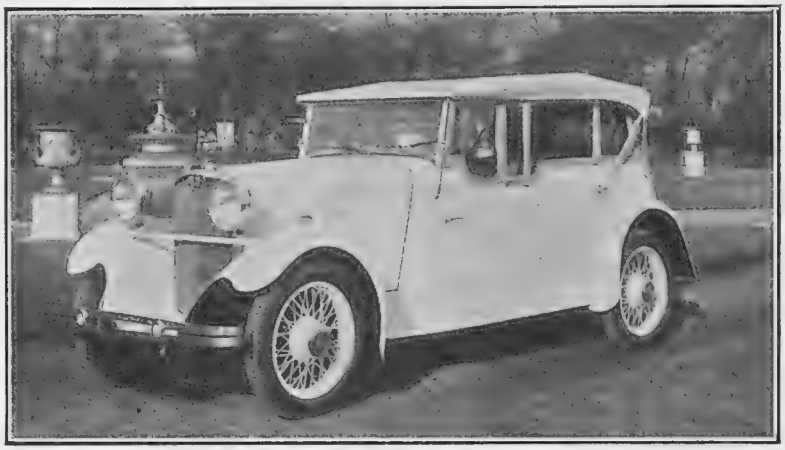
***

If I praise the little car I am not in the least blind to the merits of bigger types. They have the qualities which size alone can give. However cunning our baby car designers become they cannot hope to achieve the same passenger accommodation as is possible on a car with a wheelbase very nearly twice as long, and there are limits, too, to the power that is available from the small engine. Despite every effort of the designers a small baby car in racing trim has not yet equalled half the speed of a monster like Sir Malcolm Campbell's "Blue Bird." But it is only fair to remember that lengthening the wheelbase does not necessarily give a proportionate increase in passenger accommodation There are many big cars where the passengers are cramped, and where at first sight the car appears to be three-quarters bonnet. And engine size, too, is not necessarily a guarantee of performance.

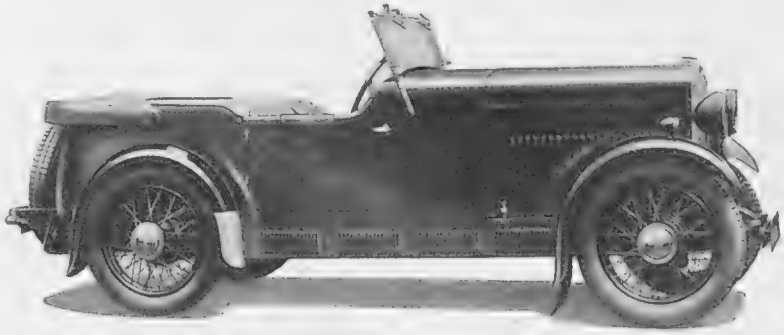
IN THE NEWS

Torquay En Fête

Torquay is en fête this week. It is the finishing point in the British Motor Rally, which began on Tuesday and ends next Saturday. A programme of festivities has been arranged by the Palace Hotel, the headquarters of the R.A.C. during the Rally. Its owner, Mr. G. W. Hands, who is one of the pioneers of the motor industry, has invited all participants in the Rally, whether they stay at his hotel or not, to make free use of the swimming pool, the hotel golf course, and the squash rackets, badminton, and tennis courts. He is offering silver cups for special golf, tennis, and rackets competitions, which are open to all Rally competitors.



The Crossley "Ten" Sports Touring Car purchased by His Highness the Prince of Zanzibar from Messrs. Shrimptons Motors, Ltd., of Berkeley Street, W.1. The colour scheme of the car is cream with beige uphostery, and the hood is edged with white leather



The new Triumph Super-Nine "Southern Cross" Four-seater. Capable of speeds approaching 70 m.p.h., has a 9 h.p. o.h.v. four-cylinder engine, and is priced as low as £225

The Hillman-Eccles combination entered by Mr. Hamilton in the R.A.C. Rally is quite capable of maintaining the speed of 25 m.p.h. required. This, following so closely upon the completion of the Monte Carlo Rally, when a similar outfit took part, should do much to dispel any illusion that a trailer caravan is unsafe or a hindrance on a holiday tour

In Defence of Women Drivers

Are women good drivers? Speaking at the Wolseley works in Birmingham the other day when presenting the Hornet car to the winner of the novel competition recently organised by the Wolseley Company, Sir William Morris stoutly affirmed that they were just as good as men. "Women," he said, "are the motor car buyers of to-day. If they do not actually sign the cheques, they influence their husbands or fathers to an extent which we should never have believed possible a few years ago. For that reason the leaders of the motor industry have to bow to women's requirements, but we are lucky that women these days demand practically the same kind of car as men The taste for the motor car, indeed, is probably the only one in which the sexes coincide."

Studying the South African Market

Sir William Morris will shortly leave for South Africa, where he will personally study market conditions. He is nothing if not an optimist. In South Africa, he says, there are enormous possibilities for increasing sales of British cars. Our export trade is steadily growing. Fifteen per cent. of our total production is now sent overseas, as compared with America's 10 per cent. Actually 30 per cent. of the combined output of the Wolseley and Morris concerns is destined for overseas markets—a striking tribute to the really sterling merit of British cars.

Prince of Wales' appointment

It is interesting to learn that a warrant of appointment has been received by the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., as rubber tyre makers to the Prince of Wales. A Royal warrant to the King is already held by Dunlop. E. M. W.

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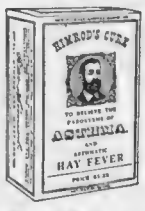

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FROM TEE TO GREEN

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

Mr. Owen Nares and his opponent, Arthur Havers, seen on the first tee at Moor Park during the recent Stage versus Professionals match

I NOTICE that, according to reports up to Saturday, February 20, there had been thirty rainless days in many parts of the country, and that during the same period only a fraction of an inch fell in London. The golf courses around London are consequently in far better condition than is usual. The conditions last week-end were not too good, the east wind was piercing, and I found it was with difficulty I could even hold my clubs at first, until brisk walking restored my circulation. The none too pleasant conditions did not, however, deter Sir John Simon from enjoying his game at Combe Hill, where there was quite a distinguished legal gathering, including Lord Sankey, Sir Lynden Macassey, and Judge Holman Gregory. I watched Sir John play a very pretty approach at one hole, the 13th.

* * *

ROYAL LYTHAM and St. Annes are sending a team South on March 5, and have arranged matches with the following clubs:—March 5, Addington; March 6, Stoke Poges; March 9, Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society at Woking; March 12, West Hill; and March 13, Walton Heath. Twelve players will travel South, including R. W. Crummack, a former champion of Lancashire, who also played hockey for England, G. Henriques, H. Critchley, and J. A. Schofield, all of whom have figured in the final of their county championship.

I MUST remind you again about THE BYSTANDER Trophy Meeting at Addington Palace on Wednesday, March 23. Entries close on March 16. There will be a fine entry, of that I have no doubt. In case there is any misunderstanding, clubs invited to play and desirous of entering two couples are quite at liberty to do so. Particulars and entry forms may be obtained from Major Phillimore, Addington Palace Golf Club.

* * *

THE 19th Club celebrations on February 19 were a great success, nearly three hundred members and guests being present. The Cabaret, organised by Naunton Wayne, consisted of Con Raymond, Jacqueline, Kenneth and George Western, and Naunton himself; every hour one of these clever entertainers amused us. At the 19th hour Dale Bourn proposed the toast of the Club, which was drunk in "19th" cocktails provided by Leonard Gullick, who, in replying to the toast, pointed out that, on the same day a year ago, there were only forty members, as against four hundred now. The 19th Club "Barton's Folly" competition will be held on March 12 at Addington Palace, and the Spring Meeting will take place over the Royal Cinque Ports course at Deal on Saturday and Sunday, April 9 and 10.

* * *

THE Screen Golfing Society competition for the Simon Rowson Cup, 36 holes against bogey, played at Stoke Poges, was won by N. L. Abrahams, 1 down. C. Penruddock and L. Nathan tied for second place with 2 down.

Mr. W. Phillips, the Hon. Secretary of the American Golfing Society, playing from the rough at the meeting held to celebrate the birth of George Washington. It took place at Bramshott

* * *

THE BYSTANDER Cup Competition, played for over the Cagnes course at Nice, which was reported in these notes last week, was a most popular event. There were fifty-six entries, and, thanks to the excellent staff work of Capt. A. M. Rattigan, everything went off perfectly.

* * *

ONLY seven couples competed in the third round of the Kent Foursome tournament at Chiselhurst recently; Mrs. Paterson and Mrs. A. A. Smith were absent. Miss I. Doxford and Mrs. Major, past winners, were defeated by Miss Butler and Mrs. Rudge, who were also beaten in the semi-finals.

The final between Miss Moberley and Mrs. Hutchinson and Miss Ruttledge and Mrs. Knox-Gore was played at the Wildernesse Club, Sevenoaks, recently.

* * *

"LIKE father, like son." Eddie Whitcombe, who acts as assistant to his father at Meyrick Park, was in great form at the Bournemouth and District Alliance Meeting recently. Partnered by W. J. Furnival, Secretary of the Meyrick and Queen's Park Club, he played such fine golf, which included five "birdies," his partner also contributing several, that they finished 8 up. He had an approximate round of 74, and gave a performance which certainly goes to prove that he is a golfer of no small merit, and one, moreover, who will improve as time goes on.

* * *

TWO amateurs—P. Pitfield, of Queen's Park, and S. Cockman, of Weymouth—tied with H. H. Miles (Parkstone) and Pat Sanders, the Broadstone assistant pro., for second place, with 6 up.

I am sure we shall soon see Eddie figuring prominently in the important competitions.

The lighter side of golf. Mr. Leslie Henson tells the veteran Sandy Herd a tee-time story whilst waiting to play in the Stage versus Professionals match at Moor Park. It was a singles match in which the Professionals, playing from +6, won eighteen of the twenty-two games

the BYSTANDER

£500 GOLF TROPHY Competition

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1932, AT ADDINGTON PALACE CLUB

The third green at Addington Palace, the venue of this year's competition for "The Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

THE Tenth Annual Meeting for "The Bystander" Challenge Trophy will be held at Addington Palace Club on Wednesday, March 23.

The Competition is an Invitation Mixed Foursome (professional partnered by a lady member of the same club) played over thirty-six holes (Medal play). Valuable silver cups will be presented to the winning lady and her partner.

Addington Palace Club is making all competitors Honorary Members of the Club on Monday and Tuesday, March 21 and 22 so that those wishing to practise on the course the two days preceding the competition may do so.

"THE BYSTANDER" £500 GOLF TROPHY. Last year's winners were Mrs. Hutton and W. Cox, of Beaconsfield

ON the day of the Competition the competitors will be the guests of "The Bystander" for luncheon and tea. "The Bystander" will also provide the caddies on that day.

The club can be reached by rail (S.R) to East Croydon Station, thence by the club 'bus, leaving at every half-hour commencing at 8.30 a.m., or by road via Clapham Common, South Norwood Hill, Woodside Station, Shirley Road and Upper Shirley Road.

The public will be admitted free to the beautiful course and can obtain luncheon and teas at moderate prices.

CONDITIONS

Entries must be made to the Secretary, Addington Palace Golf Club, not later than first post on Wednesday, March 16.

Professionals will be rated at Plus 4.

Ladies' L.G.U. handicap limited to 18.

Pairs to receive three-eighths of the combined Handicap.

Clubs may enter two pairs if they so desire. All ties for 1st, 2nd and 3rd places must

The ninth tee on the Addington Palace course. The club-house, seen behind, was formerly the seat of the Archbishops of Canterbury

OF CONTEST

be played off next day over 18 holes unless otherwise agreed to by competitors concerned and the Managing Committee.

All matters relating to the Competition, Regulation of Handicap, etc., will be decided by the Committee in charge of the Meeting, whose decision will be final

A DRAW will be made for starting times.

Cadets at the R.A.F. College at Cranwell being instructed in the art of jumping by parachute. Pilots and observers in Service aircraft are compelled to wear parachutes when flying, the type used being the "Irvin"

FLYING BECOMES FASHIONABLE

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

THE continuation of dry, fine weather has encouraged many people to start flying much earlier in the season than usual, and there are signs already that aerodromes will be fashionable rendezvous this year. The figures for instruction at some of the London centres show an increase of as much as 50 per cent. for January and February, compared with last year. At Hanworth Park, where there is badminton, riding, and tennis, in addition to flying; at Brooklands, with its new club-house, which, it is hoped, will be formally opened by the Prince of Wales; at Heston, on the Great West Road; and at Hatfield, where the de Havilland School has established a much-needed aerodrome for the North of London, active preparations are being made to cope with a rush of pupils.

Quite a number of peers are members at Hanworth, amongst whom are Lord De La Warr, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture, Lord Radnor, and Lord Clive; whilst others, such as Lord Cardigan, the Earl of March, and Lord Carlow, who is Lord Portarlington's son, have secured their "A" licences and make considerable use of flying both as a form of recreation and as a means of getting about the country.

Some New Clubs

THE Danum Aero Club, with two Bluebirds on which to commence flying, has been formed in Doncaster, and an inaugural dinner and dance will be held on March 19 at the Danum Hotel. When the municipal airport, adjacent to the racecourse, is ready for use, the club will move into permanent quarters, but this is not expected until some time in the summer. An Aero Club for journalists and anyone engaged on newspaper work has been formed with facilities at Brooklands, one of the finest flying centres near London. The main object of the club is to provide tuition and opportunities for solo flights at the lowest possible rates, and members will either be exempt from or pay a reduced subscription to the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club. The Bristol and Wessex, which is one of the Senior Members' Clubs in the country, publishes an excellent magazine, "Wessex Airways." The Editor has sent out an S.O.S. for comic relief, and readers who contribute are assured in advance of anonymity; anything which is really funny will be published. Reading has the distinction of two club-houses on its aerodrome, one belonging to National Flying Services' group, and the other is run in conjunction with the Phillips and Powis School. Last year more than 3,000 hours' flying was carried out at Reading, and the combined membership of the two clubs must be about 600.

Mr. W. T. Ballantyne, on the left, who is the manager for de Havillands in South America, and Captain Broad, the well-known test pilot, are en route for Brazil and the Argentine to demonstrate the latest Moths. A number of recent models were carried as freight in the Blue Star liner Andalucia Star

The Official Calendar

THE Royal Aero Club has issued a list of the more important events which will take place this season. The Royal Air Force Display, staged at Hendon, is on June 25, and the race for the King's Cup, which will start and finish at Brooklands, is spread over two days, the 8th and 9th of July. The Brigade of Guards holds its annual meeting at its headquarters, Heston, on May 18, and the Brooklands Aero Club meets on the 28th of that month. One of the most popular events is that organised by the Leicestershire Club, which is supported by Mr. Lindsay Everard, M.P., and this takes place on June 11. The Municipal Airport at Portsmouth is to be opened officially on July 2, and for those with a taste for foreign parts there are air rallies during the summer at Boulogne, Rheims, Auvergne, St. Brieuc, Dieppe, Zurich, Berlin, for the International Touring Competition, and Vicenza, which is in Italy. The Annual General Meeting of the Royal Club on March 30 will be preceded by a house dinner, so that members may be in good form to make their speeches.

In the Dominions

THE race for the Viceroy's Cup, which was open to all non-professional pilots in India, was won by Dr. Sproul, a member of the Punjab Club, flying a Moth with one of the original Gipsy Mark I engines. The challenge trophy given by Lord Wakefield for the fastest time went to Mr. W. C. Wingfield, of the Bombay Club, whose Puss Moth averaged 120 miles an hour over a course of 700 miles from Delhi via Agra and Lucknow back to Delhi. Two women pilots competed, both of whom finished the course in good style, and of the nine flying clubs in India, all but those at Karachi and Madras sent competitors. Three Spartan machines, with Hermes engines, which have been touring South Africa, have 60,000 miles to their credit without any trouble.

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May 28—Ceuta, Monaco, Vigo. 14 days. From 25 guineas.
July 30—Northern Capitals. 20 days. From 34 guineas.
Aug. 13—Alexandria, Naples, &c. 20 days. From 34 guineas.
Aug. 20—Morocco, Madeira, &c. 13 days. From 24 guineas.
Aug. 20—Venice, Dalmatia, &c. 20 days. From 34 guineas.
Sept. 3—Monaco, Naples, &c. 14 days. From 25 guineas.
Sept. 10—Monaco, Algiers, &c. 14 days. From 25 guineas.

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Hors d'Œuvres Variés (Salade à l'Anvers)

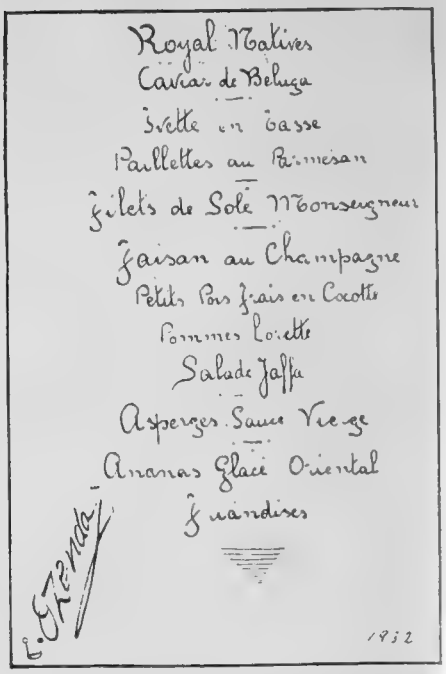
THIS is made of lettuce, with shredded chicken, ham, and capsicums, in mayonnaise sauce, garnished with slices of potato.

Blanchailles

DREDGE flour an eighth of an inch deep over the surface of a clean cloth; place the whitebait on this and separate each one with a fork. Shake them in the cloth gently until they are covered with the flour all over, then turn them into a frying basket and shake off the superfluous flour. Plunge this into a pan of boiling fat, but do not try to cook too many at a time, for they must be entirely covered with the boiling fat. Stir them carefully so as not to break them, once in three minutes' time, and then once again; four to five minutes should be ample time to cook them thoroughly, as they should not be allowed to turn brown Lift out the basket, give it a shake and then turn the whitebait on to a dish on which is some white paper or on to a hot, dry cloth; place them in the oven, and let all the fat dry thoroughly. Serve in a hot entree dish on a lace paper with slices of lemon.

Filets de Bœuf Grenadines

CUT a piece of fillet in slices three-quarters of an inch thick and trim them to a pear shape about three and a half inches long and three inches wide. Lard these with fat bacon and put them into a sauté-pan with some brown sauce and a gill of sherry. Put the pan over the fire, and when the grenadines are done glaze them and dish them in a circle. Fill the centre with a pyramid of small mushrooms mixed in poivrade sauce. *For the sauce* shred and wash the following vegetables: One head of celery, two carrots, two onions, one shallot, one clove of garlic, one turnip, two leeks, three tomatoes. Put them in a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of lean ham and two ounces of butter. Fry them, but not very brown. Add half a pint of vinegar and let it boil till quite reduced; then stir in three ounces of flour and three pints of stock. Add a bouquet garni, six cloves, and twenty-four peppercorns, with a pinch of pepper and salt. Stir well and simmer gently for one hour, and then pass through a sieve.



The menu of an attractive dinner served at the Monseigneur in Piccadilly. It has been signed by M. Zenda, the Restaurant Manager

THE EDITOR'S BOX

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The Prince's Call to Youth

The full text of the speech delivered by the Prince of Wales at the great meeting of young people organised by the National Council of Social Service on January 27 was recorded as spoken at the Royal Albert Hall, and the records have been issued by "His Master's Voice." His Royal Highness has heard and approved this reproduction. There are three different records, five sides being devoted to the speech, and the sixth to "Jerusalem" and the National Anthem as sung by the audience, led by a choir. The Gramophone Company will devote the profits from the sales of these records to the National Council of Social Service, which has been nominated for that purpose by His Royal Highness.

Gold Melted While You Wait

On the Shell-Mex and B.P. Stand (No 16 L. and M.) at the British Industries Fair at Birmingham, you can bring your samples of metal and have them dealt with under factory conditions while you wait. This marvel of engineering skill is due to the fact that on this stand there are about a dozen ultra-modern and highly scientific metallurgical furnaces actually working and heated by fuel oil—the cheapest and most easily controlled fuel for modern industry. Many outstanding British engineering firms whose names are household words have lent their plant. There is an open flame, oil-fired furnace for non-ferrous metals from Sir W. G. Armstrong-Whitworth and Co., Ltd. There is a tool hardening furnace from Alldays and Onions, of Birmingham, and many other similar furnaces. Apart from the fact that fuel oil enables the metallurgist to control his heat within the narrow limits required, it is actually in practice the cheapest form of fuel per unit of output. At the present ruling prices the cost of the heat units is equivalent to the very small sum of approximately twopence a therm.

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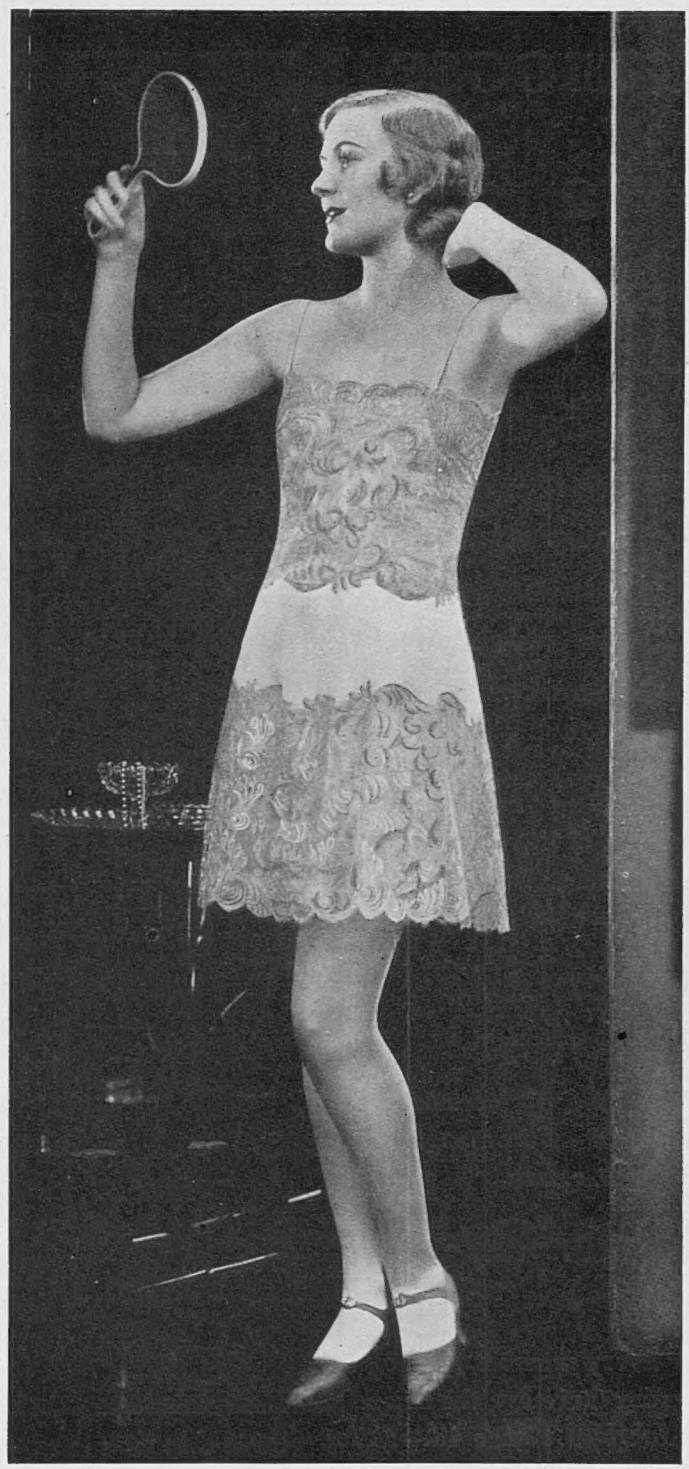

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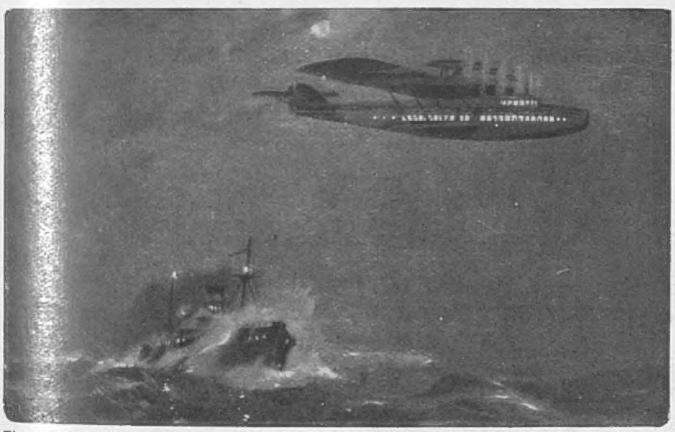

The "Bolivar," type for all time (thanks to Rudyard Kipling) of the ocean tramp, still battles with the heavy sea, but it is overhead that her weary men now see—or very soon will see—the mocking lights of the well-found liner pass them by

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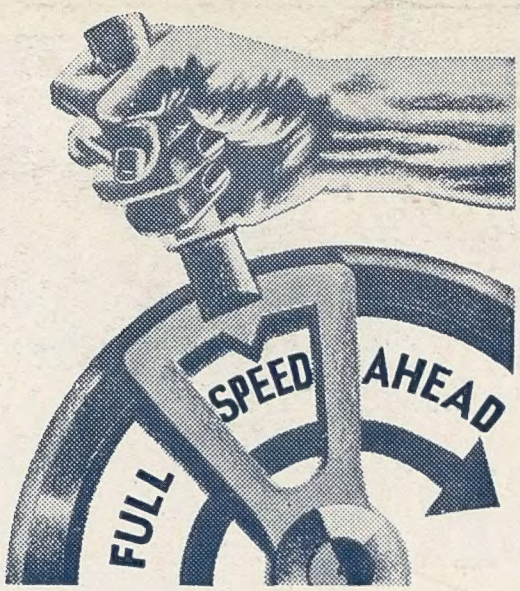

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